SHOWTIME

THE TOP FILM MONTHLY

JUNE 1966 1/-

Unmasking...
the NEW 007

TERENCE COOPER

Jane Fonda
in *THE CHASE*

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I may leave Britain

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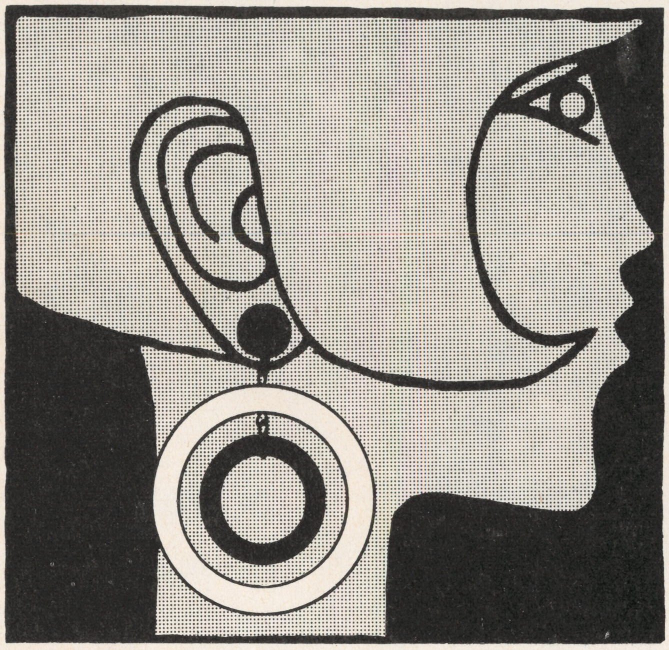

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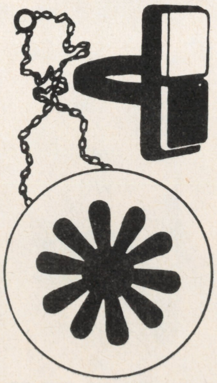

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Editor Peter Tipthorp • *Assistant Editor* Tony Crawley
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JUNE 1966—No. 30 (Vol. 3/No. 6)

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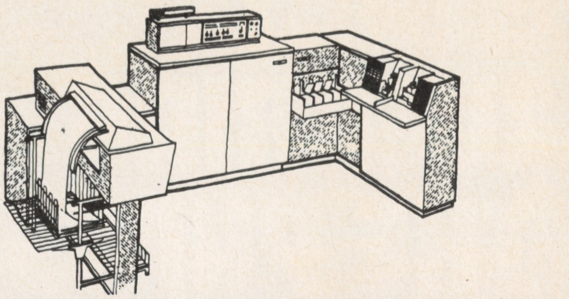

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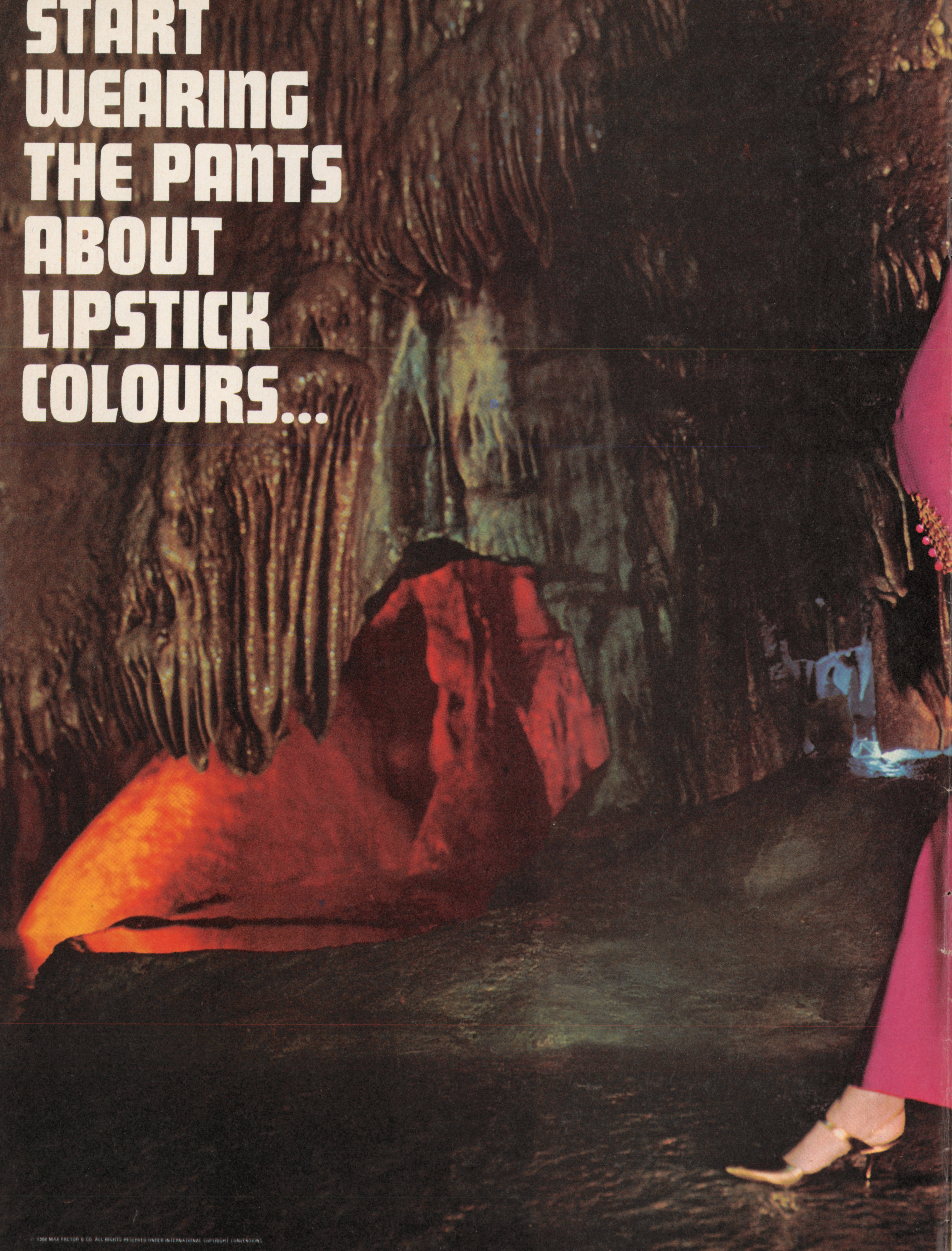
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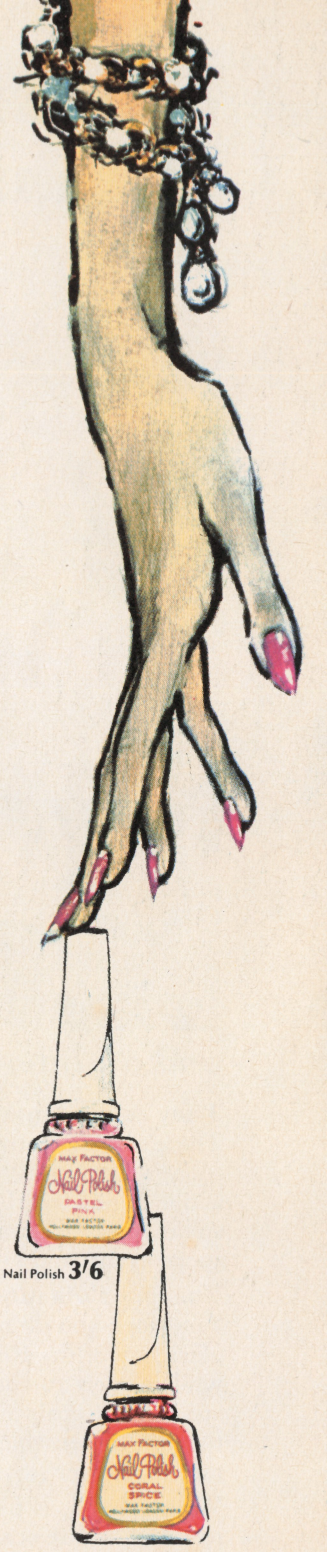
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Claudia Cardinale in the title role of her Italian film, made in Brazil, *A Rose For Everyone*. Very nice too! Photo: Blanche Cardinale.

THE TONY

The Americanisation of 'Illya' McCallum . . . .

THE question of the month is: Will Scotland's DAVID McCALLUM, better known as Russia's Illya Kuryakin, become an American citizen?

To get the answer, I braved a THRUSH-like melee of frantic fans, swarming around UNCLE Dave. "First off," he said, brushing down a fan-crumpled suit, "you can't become an American until you've established five years' residence. I've been there for only three—so the matter doesn't come up, as yet. But, yes, I will probably change my citizenship—and why not?

"To be perfectly frank, I feel the days of marching off to wars behind big drums, to fight the Irish if you're English, the Italians if you're French and so on, are long since dead. Personally, I was brought up to believe that the Scots were better than the English; I remember punching some guy in the head when he called me 'a lousy Scot'! But today, we should be thinking of a more global unity, shouldn't we?

"I live in America and work there —or from there." (We met after he had finished his film, *Three Bites Of The Apple*, in Italy with SYLVA KOSCINA.) "And I enjoy life there. OK, so I've been shot at—during the Watts race riots. And I'm usually threatened with grievous bodily harm by the American fans. But I love it there; so does my wife, Jill.

"Above all else, it is a very aware society—and naturally I want to be able to take part in the government, to vote and be a part of the life there." He paused, smiled thinly and added: "Which doesn't mean I aim to go into politics like Bob—ROBERT VAUGHN." The smile broadened: "With whom, I should add before you ask, I have no feud whatsoever!"

The two UNCLE agents are contracted for another three years—"if the American public still wants us; it's the U.S. ratings which count.

"Because of UNCLE, I'm getting offers galore. Usually 100–1. A hundred spy stories and one other. This *Apple* is the one other. I play a meek and mild coach-tour guide, involved with women and gambling for the first time in his life—the complete antithesis of Illya. Which is why I took the part, of course. Not that I dislike Illya; got a soft spot for that rather odd, enigmatic, expressionless Russian—who 'Pravda', believe it or not, severely criticised for leading youth down the path of depravity."

UNCLE star David McCallum takes 007's *Thunderball* underwater route in his new film, *Around The World Under The Sea*. He even has ex-Bond Girl Shirley Eaton for company.

In Dublin, she told me she would take a long holiday after The Blue Max. *Yet, within weeks, she was making* Casino Royale *in London. Now URSULA ANDRESS tells me: "I take a holiday when this film finishes—eef it ever finishes. I go to a lonely island. Just sea and sun and Ursula. No one else. Well, if maybe I get lonely, I call up someone. But this time I mean it—a long, lazy holiday. I work too hard. I even complain to your Queen that I work too hard. Still, so does she."*

THE ROYAL FAMILY OBVIOUSLY READS *SHOWTIME*! CERTAINLY THEY KEEP UP TO DATE WITH FILM NEWS. WHEN THE QUEEN MET RAQUEL WELCH AT THE ROYAL FILM PERFORMANCE, SHE MENTIONED HER FILM OF *ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.* "OH YES," SAID THE QUEEN, "THAT'S THE ONE WITH ALL THE CAVEMEN IN, ISN'T IT?"

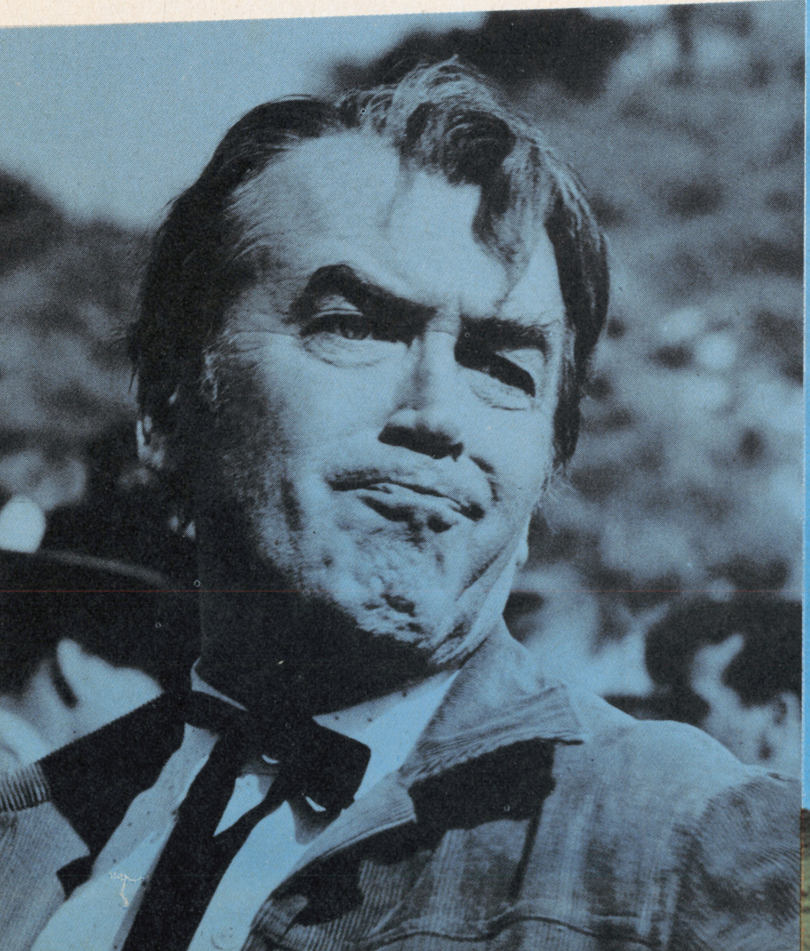
I know long titles are in these days, but this is ridiculous. An actor-director in Buenos Aires has made a film (starring himself, his wife and his brother-in-law) called: *Romance Of The Aniceto And The Francisca, Of How It Was Broken And Sadness Began, And Some Things More. . . !*

● With their usual skill and nerve, my own personal group of spies (known as The Girls From AUNTY) has uncovered this compromising photograph. It depicts Dean Martin, alias Matt Helm, in the close company of Sigrid Valdis, one of *Our Man Flint's* girls. I'm informed that this is simply a scene from *Marriage On The Rocks*. Even so, I feel sure the chiefs of ZOWIE and ICE will blanch at the hidden consequences of such a liaison.

CRAWLEY COLUMN

He's star, pilot, white-hunter, business and family man. Best of all, James Stewart is the screen's most human cowboy

A gentle giant at home, or out on the town with Gloria, his second wife, James Stewart can still be relied upon to turn on the action when it comes to filmic fisticuffs. Latest examples come in Jimmy's 69th film, *The Rare Breed*. His co-stars are Maureen O'Hara and Juliet Mills, Hayley's elder sister. And his opponent? Jack Elam.



TAKE THAT . . . And our gangling hero slugs it out with villainous Jack Elam. Just a few of their several *Rare Breed* tussles.

"I ALWAYS know a Western script when it arrives on the mat at home. They weigh less than any other kinda script. That's the point of a Western—the cowboy doesn't say anything. Or he shouldn't. A Western is a visual thing. You don't go round sparring with words—but sparring with the other fella."

James Stewart, his gangling frame sprawled around his Savoy Hotel suite, was discussing the kind of film he has made into a special art form all of his own. There are other Western heroes, certainly, but none like Jimmy Stewart.

Born in Indiana a little over 58 years ago, he's a man of the West all right. He is also a man of many other parts and pursuits.

STEWART is an actor of faultless calibre, with a fine stage backing and 31 years in films. He's been nominated five times for an Oscar; once successfully. "It's at home in the library," he says. "During the war I sent it to my father, who had a hardware store in Pennsylvania. He looked after it for me until he died."

STEWART is a man in love with flying—ever since he nearly broke his neck as a schoolboy attempting to take off in his own home-made plane. He had a distinguished war career with the United States Air Force; today he flies his own plane, a Cessna 310, and is a brigadier-general in the U.S.A.F. Reserve. A few days after I met him, in fact, he was off to Vietnam for his annual two weeks' reserve duty.

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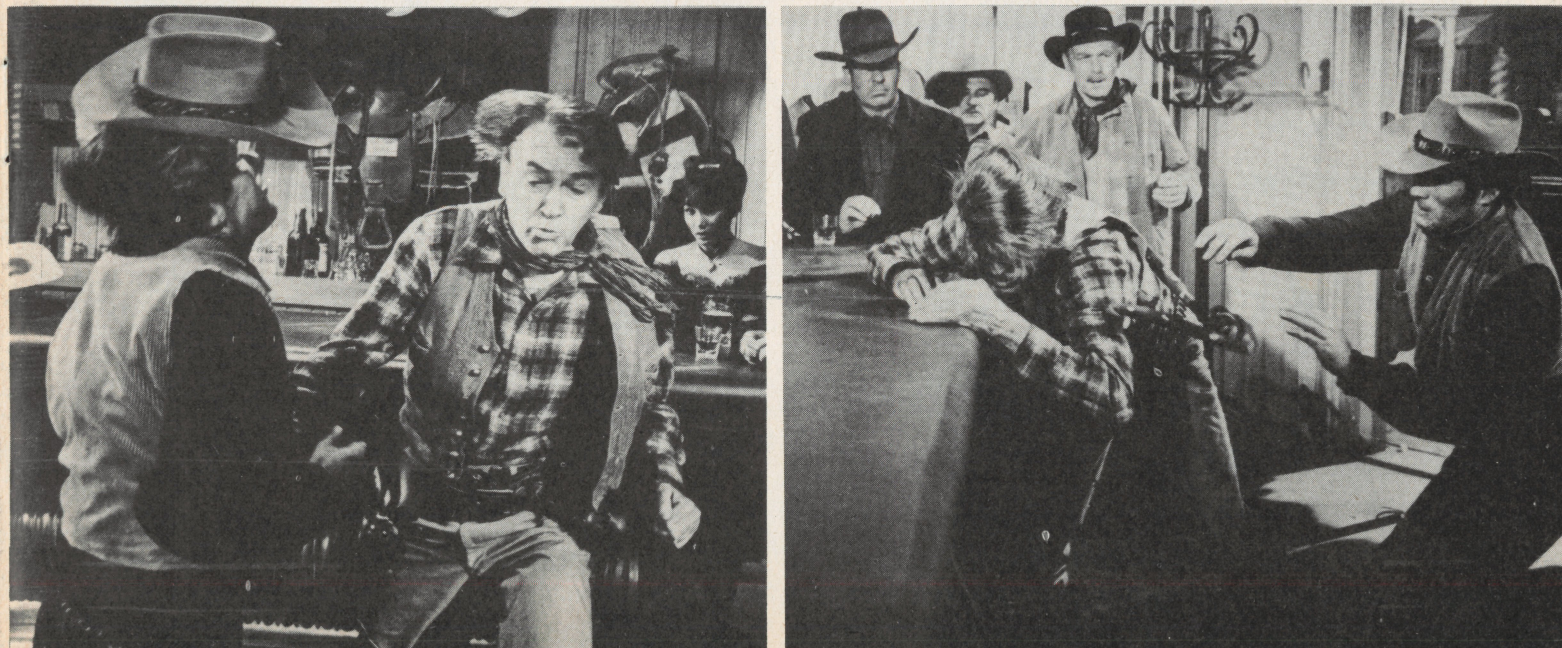
OF THE WEST

. . . AND THAT! This is Jimmy and Jack's fourth film together. "We're old buddies," says Jim. "But I kill him every time!"



Films

TOUGH DEBUT for model Kathryn Hays with Chuck Connors in *Ride Beyond Vengeance*.

●**This is** Chuck Connor's month at the movies! The big, blond, blue-eyed television star (from *Arrest And Trial* and *Branded*) is now throwing his weight about on the bigger screen. And it takes a big screen to make full use of this 6 ft. 5½ ins. giant of an actor.

After his exciting supporting feature to *The Silencers*, *Broken Sabre* (based on his television series, *Branded*) Chuck stays on his favourite Western trail in *Ride Beyond Vengeance*, one of the most brutal and bloodthirtsy Westerns since *Shane*. Certainly the first X-certificate Western for some years.

Chuck plays Jonas Trapp, a buffalo hunter who has made good (17,000 dollars worth) and is returning to the wife he abandoned 11 years earlier. Camping for the night near his town, he finds he has stumbled into a rustler's camp and, during an ensuing raid on the cow-thieves, Chuck is captured and barbarously branded on his chest with a huge 'T' for thief by a young, and obviously sado-masochistic, gambler.

Later, Chuck manages to turn the tables—and indeed the branding iron—on the gambler himself (played by another TV star, Bill Bixby from *My Favourite Martian*). But that's not the end of Chuck's troubles . . .

His wife refuses to have anything to do with him. His money is stolen. And Michael Rennie, as a gunman-turned-banker-turned-thief, is aiming to steal his wife as well! These incidents propel Chuck into a series of violent actions that must go down as reprisals, but clear his name so that he can ride out of the town he has worked so long and so hard to come back to . . .

Before taking up acting, his second great love, Chuck Connors (real name Kevin Connors) was a successful baseball player in America. He rose, in fact, to become one of the major ball stars of the Pacific Coast League.

Making her debut as Chuck's wife is the former fashion model, Kathryn Hays—who has since become the real-life wife of Glenn Ford. (Incidentally, the last girl to have made her debut with Chuck in a film—*Geronimo*—was the Indian actress, Kamala Devi. And she is now his wife!)

For the record, Chuck's other films include *Pat And Mike*, *Old Yeller*, *The Big Country*, *Flipper*—and he'll be on release again soon in another meaty drama, *Get Off My Back*, with Stella Stevens, Eartha Kitt, Richard Conte and Alex Cord.

But he still hasn't entirely deserted his first love—baseball. "I work out during the season with most of the professional teams in Los Angeles," he says, "and I guess my family (four sons from his first marriage) and I are the staunchest rooters in the stands for the home teams!"

●The position in old Mississippi is this: Frankie loves Johnny, but Johnny loves gambling—almost as much as he loves Frankie. Frankie, wise gal, refuses to marry Johnny until he stops betting, and what's more important, losing all the time! Then a gypsy fortune-teller tells Johnny his luck will change with a new redhead coming into his life. So Johnny becomes very interested in the lady with the red mane. Her name? Why, Nellie Bly, of course.

ELVIS as Johnny.

And from there on, if you know the song, *Frankie And Johnny*, you've got, as they say, the picture.

And the picture—with Elvis Presley as Johnny and TV's *Beverley Hillbilly* Donna Douglas as Frankie—is as good as the song. It takes place mainly on the Mississippi gambling-showboat owned by Clint Braden (Anthony Eisley). Nellie (Nancy Kovack) is Clint's old flame.

So, before long, you have a situation where Frankie is jealous of Nellie . . . and Clint is jealous of Johnny. To

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● Spies come and go, but Horst Bucholz is really different in *That Man In Istanbul*. He's a crook! The only reason he helps CIA agent Sylva Koscina is her looks—and a million dollars floating around Turkey somewhere! He soon locates it with some fast and furious action. Funny too—like when he enters a Turkish bath . . . for women only!

Pinewood Newsletter

●Name them and we have them at Pinewood. Celebrities by the golden handful.

There's **Julie Christie,** the hottest name in films, making one of the hottest films ever. At least by title—*Fahrenheit 451,* directed by **Francois Truffaut,** one of the world's youngest and most famous directors. (See page 40.)

Young, fair-haired Julie bounces into the Pinewood bar after working on the set and—it's instant impact. And what a girl! Not for Julie a far corner seat surrounded by the high-time executives. She is happy draining a glass, and swopping stories and laughs with the film technicians.

And she doesn't expect people to pander to her. Up she goes to the bar to order a round for the boys, and she carries the drinks back to them.

Neither does she expect the bar to clear when she approaches, money in hand. Make way for her and she'll smile, puff at her cigarette, and say: "No, you're first. I can wait, thank you."

She is, like thousands of other girls, a smart dresser—but she has that extra something that stands her out.

So, too, does **Rita Tushingham,** who was in Pinewood to make the Canadian adventure film, *The Trap.*

After Julie and Rita had had a quick drink together, Rita was off to New York as the guest of honour of Broadway, where three of her films, *The Leather Boys, The Knack* and *Doctor Zhivago,* were all showing at the same time.

Rita was so excited she was speechless—a situation she had had time to get used to. For in *The Trap,* of course, she plays a mute.

A case of silence being golden for Miss Tushingham. But off set, she's a great talker—and witty.

Another chirpy beauty at Pinewood who measures up to Julie and Rita in height and happiness, is **Susannah York** in *Kaleidoscope.*

Sometimes, with Julie, she's in very visual competition as to who can wear the shortest dress. Whichever way they are viewed, they measure up (and the word is *up*) pretty favourably. Certainly no one will ever forget the day Susannah walked the length of the restaurant in a certain yellow dress!

In the restaurant is a window bay. At a little table there sits a silver-haired man lunching quietly on his own. It's **Charlie Chaplin,** at Pinewood to direct Loren and Brando in *A Countess From Hong Kong.*

And from all over the world—from New Zealand . . . Japan . . . Hong Kong . . . South America . . . Eastern Europe . . . Iceland—come the fans to see the great man.

But whether he has time to see them all is another matter.

Mike Vicars, the lead guitar of the **Manfred Mann** group, went away on his own to write music for, among other things, films. His first can be heard in *The Sandwich Man.* Mike's music session at Beaconsfield Studios with a 75-piece combo was phenomenal. Already he's been declared "a searing success" by director **Bob Hartford-Davis** and producer **Peter Newbrook.**

His music is a new noise for a new kind of film. After the session the musicians (of all ages) who've "seen it all" stepped to the rostrum to shake Mike's hand. "A most enjoyable day's music. Really good. And fun," they told him.

There seems to be only one restriction worrying the boys at Pinewood these days—and that is the 70 m.p.h. speed limit on the roads. For most of them like to put their foot down along the motorways.

Eric Morecambe, it is said, turned to **Ernie Wise** and said that if the limit wasn't lifted, he was going to get rid of his hairy, white 130 m.p.h. Italian monster and buy instead a couple of Minis. "One for each foot!"

That car you saw the crazy couple in during *That Riviera Touch* is a very far-cry from their real ideas on cars. For Eric has an Alfa Romeo and Ernie, a Mercedes.

Producer **George Brown,** of *The Trap,* is certain he has the new man for all women in his husky star **Oliver Reed,** who appears with **Rita Tushingham.** When Oliver shakes your hand your elbow seems to splinter.

Certainly he has something. **Marlon Brando** just had to halt his fork full of food midway between plate and mouth when Oliver strolled by at the studio restaurant. Oliver's rogue-romantic look is hard to find these days in filmland and it even registered on Brando.

When you see Reed in *The Trap,* ask yourself how many other stars around today could have carried his rugged part.

At the moment Reed is looking for an old West Country cottage he can tear down with his hands and rebuild to his ideas.

"If any locals want to give me a hand they'll be most welcome," he intoned, "and we'll jug it up over the week-ends as we work."

Always assured of an audience wherever she goes is **Fenella Fielding,** as was proved when she was making *Carry On Screaming* at Pinewood.

"People," she soothed, "have compared me with Barbra Streisand. When I was in New York, dahling, people confronted me for Barbra's autograph. I had to tell them my name was Fielding. They were astonished. So was I, really, you know.

"But in looks there must be some resemblance. People here have mentioned their belief there. I haven't got her heart-beater range of voice in song. We must get together and swop yarns . . . or yearns."

Fenella brought out an engraved antique watch. "Dahling, I have several of them at home. I collect them. A hobby.

"To me they are precious. In any case time is always precious. If the watches don't go I'm not interested."

Discs

TALK TALK CLEO LAINE WOMAN TALK TALK TALK TALK

MERCURY
Sarah Vaughan sings the Mancini songbook
Mercury

● **Henry Mancini** must rank as one of the finest composers of popular music in the world today, and Sarah Vaughan one of the finest singers, so it is hardly surprising that their new LP, ***Sarah Vaughan Sings The Mancini Songbook*** (Mercury) is a knockout.

Recorded in Hollywood, this album includes some of the composer's finest work and Miss Vaughan, obviously relishing the material, has not let him down.

As Sarah said, after recording the LP: "I enjoyed everything about it. With a Mancini melody, how could I go wrong?"

Which numbers have been selected for the Mancini songbook? Side 1 begins with *How Soon?*, a song familiar to TV fans via Richard Boone, and Sarah gives it the full treatment, her voice ranging from those incredible low Fs to the high D near the end. This is followed by *Days Of Wine And Roses*, for which Johnny Mercer provided the lyrics, and *Dear Heart*, a waltz which Sarah sings with warmth and feeling. Other numbers on Side 1 include, *Charade* and *Dreamsville*.

Side 2 kicks off with *Peter Gunn*, a number which gave Sarah particular satisfaction because she thought it would be "impossible to sing". She follows this with that beautiful song from *Breakfast At Tiffany's*, *Moon River*. *I Love You (And Don't You Forget It)*; *Slow Hot Wind* (one of the composers own favourite numbers); *Mr. Lucky;* and *It Had Better Be Tonight* complete an LP which is a joy from start to finish.

Eydie Gorme's *I'll Take Romance* (MFP) includes several of this fine singer's most popular recordings. And each one shows how expertly she can handle a wide variety of songs, from *Too Close For Comfort* to *Guess Who I Saw Today*, one of my Gorme favourites. With tremendous verve Eydie swings through *Fine And Dandy*, *The Gentleman Is A Dope*, *Saturday Night*, *Gypsy In My Soul* and several other well-known numbers. Eydie's album is a delight.

THE SPRINGFIELDS SING AGAIN
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SOMETHIN' ELSE
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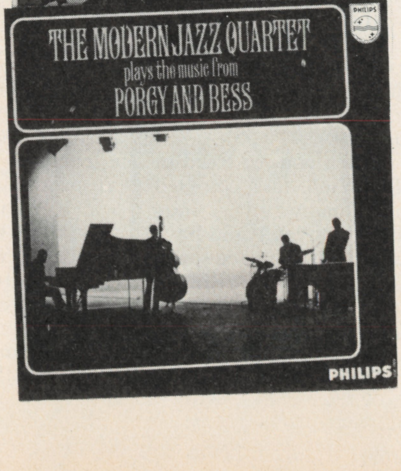
THE KINGSTON TRIO
Brunswick



There are some enchanting songs on the new Kingston Trio album, ***Somethin' Else*** (Brunswick), and the boys have recorded them beautifully. Whether they are tackling a sad song, rock 'n' roll, a jailhouse number or a humorous piece—such as *Go Tell Roger*—the Trio prove, when it comes to good group singing, they are difficult to beat. It is unlikely that the tracks on the album—and they include *Parchment Farm*, *Early Morning Rain*, *Last Thing On My Mind*, *They Are Gone* and *Dancing Distance*—will mean anything to you. But the way the boys put the songs over will certainly capture your interest.

He may not appear in the charts very often these days, but Frankie Vaughan is still a singer who never gives his audiences a dull moment, whether it be on stage or on record. Frankie's latest LP, ***Frankie Vaughan Favourites*** (Wing), includes several popular numbers, although one does not necessarily associate many of them with him. *Happy Go Lucky*, *Shoe-shine Boy*, *Hit The Road To Dreamland*, *East Of The Sun* and *Lazy River* are my favourites on an LP that will provide plenty of fun for his fans. Mum and Dad will like it, too.

By the time Cleo Laine has completed *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone*, track one on her new LP, ***Woman Talk*** (Fontana), I guarantee she'll have charmed you into settling down and listening to the rest of the album.

An imaginative treatment, full of subtle phrasing, gives that first track a fresh impact, and from then on there's no looking back.

I'll Cover The Waterfront comes across as smooth as velvet; *The Second Time Around* is also imaginatively arranged, with Cleo's clever phrasing once again giving the song a new appeal.

Side 2 begins brightly with *Fascinating Rhythm*, then comes *Peel Me A Grape*, *By Myself*, and three other songs which help to establish the fact that, on this showing, Cleo is one of our finest album artists.

The Springfields make a welcome return on ***The Springfields Sing Again*** (Wing). Most of side 1 bounces brightly along with *Wimoweh Mambo*, *The Black Hills Of Dakota* and *Row Row Row*, but the pace slackens for that nostalgic Dimitri Tiomkin melody, *The Green Leaves Of Summer*. Soon, however, it's back to a light-hearted mood with *You Can Roll A Silver Dollar*.

Side 2 includes a favourite oldie, *Dear Hearts And Gentle People*, the bouncing *Tzena, Tzena, Tzena*, *Lonesome Traveller*, and three other songs all ideally suited to the Springfields' style.

Carmen MacRae's voice can sometimes sound harsh, but the cutting, hard-sounding style is part of her magic and, when the harshness suddenly melts into soft, velvet tones, you appreciate what a mature singer she is.

Carmen's new LP, ***Haven't We Met?*** (Fontana), presents an intriguing selection of numbers ranging from *Life Is Just A Bowl Of Cherries* to *He Loves Me*, and from *It Shouldn't Happen To A Dream* to *Love Is A Night-time Thing*. Her interpretations have great feeling and her rendering of *Who Can I Turn To?* alone makes this LP worthy of your attention.

The Modern Jazz Quartet Plays The Music From Porgy And Bess (Philips) is a feast for the Quartet's many fans. John Lewis (piano), Milt Jackson (vibraharp), Percy Heath (bass) and Connie Kay (drums) have loads of fun with George Gershwin's memorable melodies. The whole of Side 1 is taken up by *Summertime*, *Bess*, *You Is My Woman* and *My Man's Gone Now*, and a large section of Side 2 is given to the Quartet's magical interpretation of *It Ain't Necessarily So*.

It isn't often Gershwin gets this kind of treatment and, if you are not too square, you'll really enjoy it.

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Mark Eden Course
BUST: 34B

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JUST 8 WEEKS LATER ON MAY 27—HER BUST HAD INCREASED TO A FULL AND LOVELY

—36 D—

Barbara Hayes after practicing the
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EXCLUSIVE! Tony Crawley talks to Terence Cooper — the man who's been waiting two years to play 007

THE call was so secretive that even the phone bell sounded muffled. "What are you doing for lunch?" said the obviously disguised voice. "*Eating*," I replied. "Well," the voice went on, "how would you like to meet Terence Cooper, the new 007 in *Casino Royale*? You'd be the first in the world to interview him." "*O.K.*," I said. "*When and where?*" The voice paused. Then: "Call you soon."

Replacing the receiver, I sat back, and considered Terence Cooper. I had heard so much, yet seen so little, of him since Charles K. Feldman announced his intention, two years ago, to film *Casino Royale*, the only Bond book not in the Harry Saltzman-Cubby Broccoli library.

Much has changed since those far-off days. Feldman's idea has blown up into a £3 million comedy-adventure project—a project now being filmed (in utmost secrecy) at Shepperton Studios. Feldman has even had to bring in another producer, Jerry Besler, to help him out. He also decided on no less than five directors and some 20 (although many predict 60) stars. So far the word has percolated through the tight security net that Peter Sellers, Ursula Andress, David Niven, Orson Welles, Woody Allen and Peter O'Toole are involved. A sort of *What's New, Casino Royale?*

But what about Cooper? Was he still in the film? For some time no one seemed to have the answer. For once in their lives, the publicity men were not feigning when they insisted they didn't know what was going on. The stars were in the same boat. As for Cooper, you couldn't find him for love nor money. Not until that phone call and "the voice" offering him to me on a plate. A luncheon plate.

The muffled bell again. Different voice this time. American. CIA taking over from MI5, perhaps? "The place is the Cock Tavern. Fleet Street. Second floor. Gerry's bar. Time: 1.15 p.m. O.K.?"

And so it was in the said tavern, less than an hour later, that finally I came face to face with the man who has the sheer gall to play 007 while Sean Connery is still alive and kicking.

Terence Cooper, as the Irish would say, is a big fella. He'd agree, being Irish himself. He looked all I'd heard about him: a character; a gilt-edged, 100 per cent hell-raiser.

In blazer, smart trousers (he shares Sellers' tailor), and off-and-on dark glasses—green like his eyes—Cooper is an impressive figure. Big, powerful and friendly. A load of fun. Jokes and anecdotes pour from his lips. Half the stories are, regrettably, unprintable; the rest, clipped of their salty adjectives, seem to lose their essential Cooperian flavour.

To look at, he's more like 007 than Connery. More in keeping with Ian Fleming's description, even to the famous black comma of hair falling on to his well-tanned forehead.

He's very similar to some other actor, you think. But who? Then as he casually mentioned the name you realise the resemblance to Peter O'Toole. The brown-haired O'Toole that is—and minus the worry-wrinkles around the eyes. Hardly a surprising omission in Cooper's case. After only a few minutes in his magnanimous company, you realise this fella worries about nothing.

He has little need to, as it happens. After all, he's been living the veritable life of Reilly for the past two years, while waiting for this film to begin. And, while he's been waiting, he has been paid around £200 a week to ease the strain. Now, even before starting shooting, let alone being seen by the public, he's been signed by the top and most selective of all Hollywood agents, Paul Kohner.

It is Mr. Kohner who deploys the artistic endeavours of directors like John Huston and William Wyler, and stars like Lana Turner, Jeanne Moreau, Ursula Andress, Jean-Paul Belmondo, David McCallum and Britain's new find, David Warner.

There is, then, relatively little for Terry Cooper to fret about. Certainly the idea of following Sean Connery into the world's most famous film role doesn't upset his equanimity one jot. "Might as well ask how any actor can follow another in any given part," he said, accepting a cigarette and snapping off the tipped end.

"So all right, Connery is a world name. But Bond's is really the big name, isn't it? And to my mind, Sean doesn't play the part right. Not for me, anyway. How will I play it? Don't ask me! I just hope I get across the lines O.K. without tripping over the flaming carpet."

The carpet should prove a lesser adversary for the quick-tongued Cooper than the script. So far, since Feldman initiated his *Casino Royale* scheme, Terry has seen about 15 different scripts.

"Every time Charlie had a new script written, he'd mail it to me where I was. Then, a month or so later, I'd get another of his telegrams: *We start in two months.*

"Do you know there's a studio in Rome with a whole corridor of doors marked '*Casino Royale* Art Director', '*Casino Royale* Accounts', 'Production Manager', 'Wardrobe', and so on. Never used. Once he got screwed up with *What's New, Pussycat?* he never got free. Frankly, I'm sorry he's started now!"

Even so, Cooper still had scant idea of what he would be called upon to actually *do* in the film. Apart, that is, from playing 007.

"All I know is, I get a lot of birds and finish up with Ursula Andress. Can't be bad, can it? And John Huston is directing most of my scenes. Hope we don't have a punch-up. He's a better boxer than I am."

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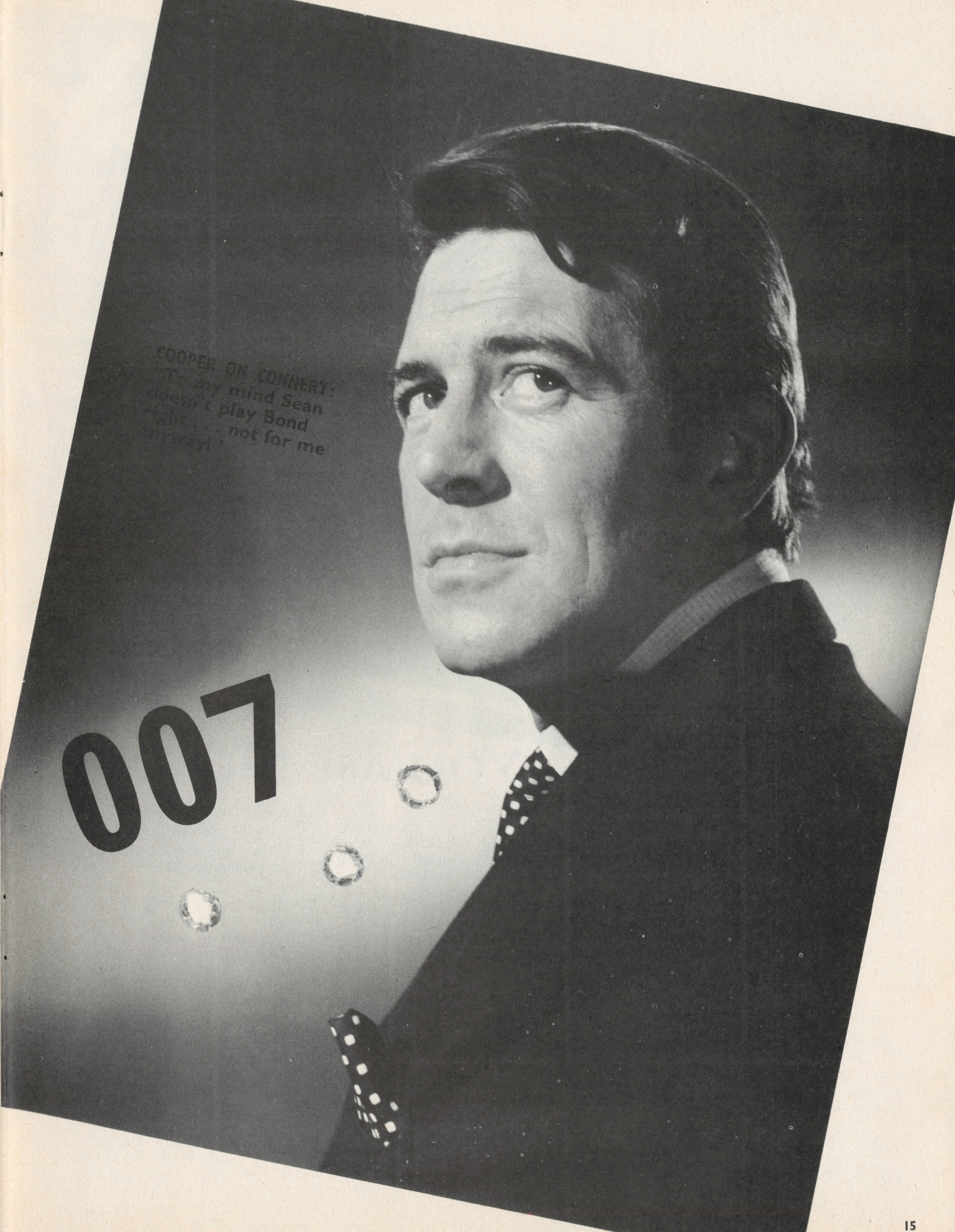
UNMASKING THE NEW...



COOPER ON CONNERY: "To my mind Sean doesn't play Bond right . . . not for me anyway!"

JBJ
JUKE BOX JURY

JURY ON TRIAL

THE DICK TATHAM COLUMN

YOU ARE THE JUDGES

SATURDAY evening wouldn't seem the same without it. The pulse and twang of the beat discs . . . the ballads with their lushly-embroidered backings . . . the poshed-up, prattling panel. Yes: it's *Juke Box Jury*. Or maybe they should call it *Jacobs' Jury*. For the image of the show is undoubtedly fused with that of David Jacobs. This 40-year-old ex-seaman, ex-actor and ex-radio announcer, who earns about £30,000 a year, has been chairman of *Juke Box Jury* since it started on 1st June, 1959.

What can be said of the show—and its chairman—now that it is seven years old? "Happy birthday!" will probably sum up the view of many of the show's 15 million-a-week viewers. That it is the longest-running pop series in the history of British television, points to some pretty solid support. Neither has David's place as chairman ever been challenged. For seven years he has been cool, polished and highly professional.

But the show does come in for some kicks. Pretty strong ones, at times, too. And while it can be argued that anything that is an institution is bound to come in for criticism, it can also be argued, *that an institution which tries to ignore criticism may cease to be an institution.*

What are the main beefs about *Juke Box Jury*? Recently, a member of the *Showtime* staff and I sat down to compare notes. We came up with our Top Five of criticisms that—in our experience—are voiced most strongly and most often about *JBJ*. They are:

1 **The show is too much the same sort of thing week after week.**

2 **It doesn't produce enough controversy over the discs.**

3 **Panellists often seem to have little knowledge of the pop scene.**

(Why not have panels made up of record critics, disc producers and other professionals?)

4 **David Jacobs keeps coming out with the same phrases every week.**

5 **There are not enough surprise happenings on *JBJ*.**

We sent this list to David Jacobs. Was he put out? Not in the least. A few days later—in his lovely, 18th-century house in South London—he answered our criticisms one by one.

Point 1: "We *have* tried to vary *JBJ*. But it is hard. It is a discussion programme. That part of it we *must* keep intact. So our scope for ringing any changes is while the discs are playing.

"As you know, we give a lot of camera to the faces of people in the audience. This is a very popular part of the show. We know this from our viewers' research team. We know it from letters. It seems people do like to watch other people watching. Maybe we are a nation of starers!

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Films FROM page 10

help his boss get rid of Johnny, one of Clint's dumb bodyguards switches bullets in the gun that Frankie uses to "kill" Johnny in their *Frankie And Johnny* song-spot. But don't worry—they've only killed off Elvis in one film before. And that was his first!

● If you haven't seen *The Sound Of Music* you haven't lived. This enchanting musical, which tells the story of a postulant in Salzburg who leaves the church to become the governess of seven children, has that special something that makes you come out of the cinema feeling better than when you first went in.

Julie Andrews, beautiful and serene, is perfect as Maria, the girl who finds a life of love and adventure with the children and their father, played by Christopher Plummer who brings charm and humour to a role that could, so easily, have been wooden.

SUMPTUOUS SOPHIA! If it's possible, Sophia Loren is lovelier than ever in her new comedy-drama, *Arabesque*. She plays an Arab spy—the type of agent to stop a Bond or a Flint in their tracks. Actually it's Gregory Peck who's smitten—and who can blame him? Their teaming was Sophia's idea. When she presented Greg with his Oscar two years ago, she commented: "When are we going to make a film together?" At last they have got around to it.

The Sound Of Music is a film that will be just as fresh and enjoyable 30 years from now. But don't wait that long to see it!

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GUARDS

STEIGER

THE ROT THEY TALK ABOUT ME

A TONY CRAWLEY INTERVIEW

(INTERIOR. Sound-stage of the large CEA Studios, a few kilometres outside Madrid. To one side of the quietly-working technicians, on a set for *Doctor Zhivago,* stand two men, heads bowed rather as they talk. They are: Award - winning director David Lean and American star Rod Steiger. Lean looks puzzled.)

LEAN: I don't understand it.

STEIGER (Friendly; he's in a convivial mood): What's that?

LEAN: You . . .!

(Now Steiger looks puzzled; Lean seems to enjoy the look.)

LEAN: The day before you arrived here, they came up to see me, panicking, saying "HE's coming tomorrow". I said: "Who?" They said: "Rod Steiger". "Well, that's when he's due to start, isn't it?" "Yeah, yeah," they said. "But don't you know about him? He's a tyrant. He eats directors up alive." (Lean smiles even more now.) I haven't noticed you eating up anybody.

STEIGER (Close shot. He's wincing; angry at the story): I never did. I never do. That's all part of my murky myth.

FOR obvious reasons, that is not Rod Steiger's favourite script. Though he knows the scene well enough. By heart, in fact. He's fed up with it, having been forced to play it many times, in many ways, in many tongues, from Hollywood to London, from Rome back to New York.

He was acting it out once more for me in Madrid to try to prove just how often his actions, and indeed himself, are misunderstood by many (if not most) people in the film industry.

"Stories like that really hurt me," he admitted, as we sat in his studio dressing-room.

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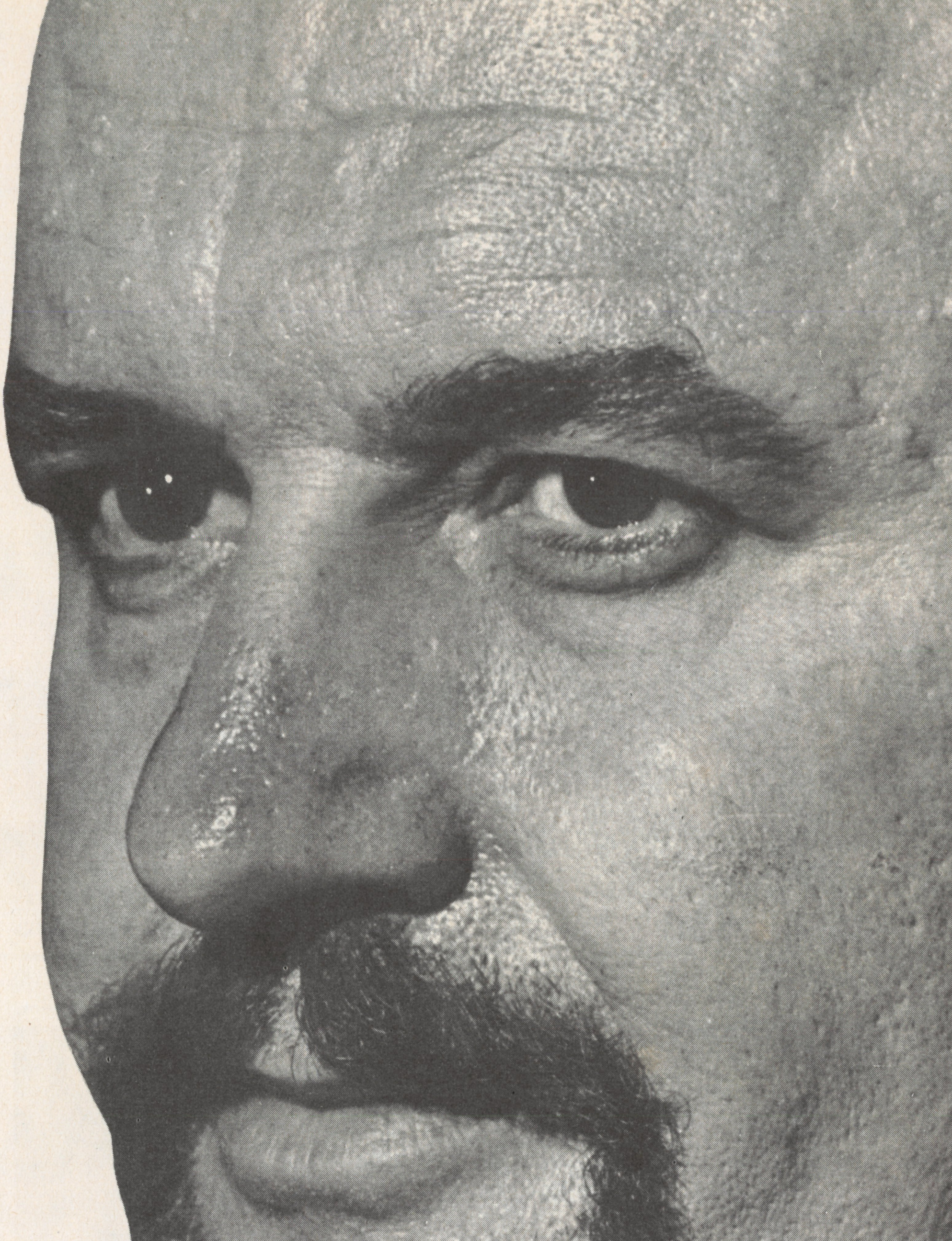


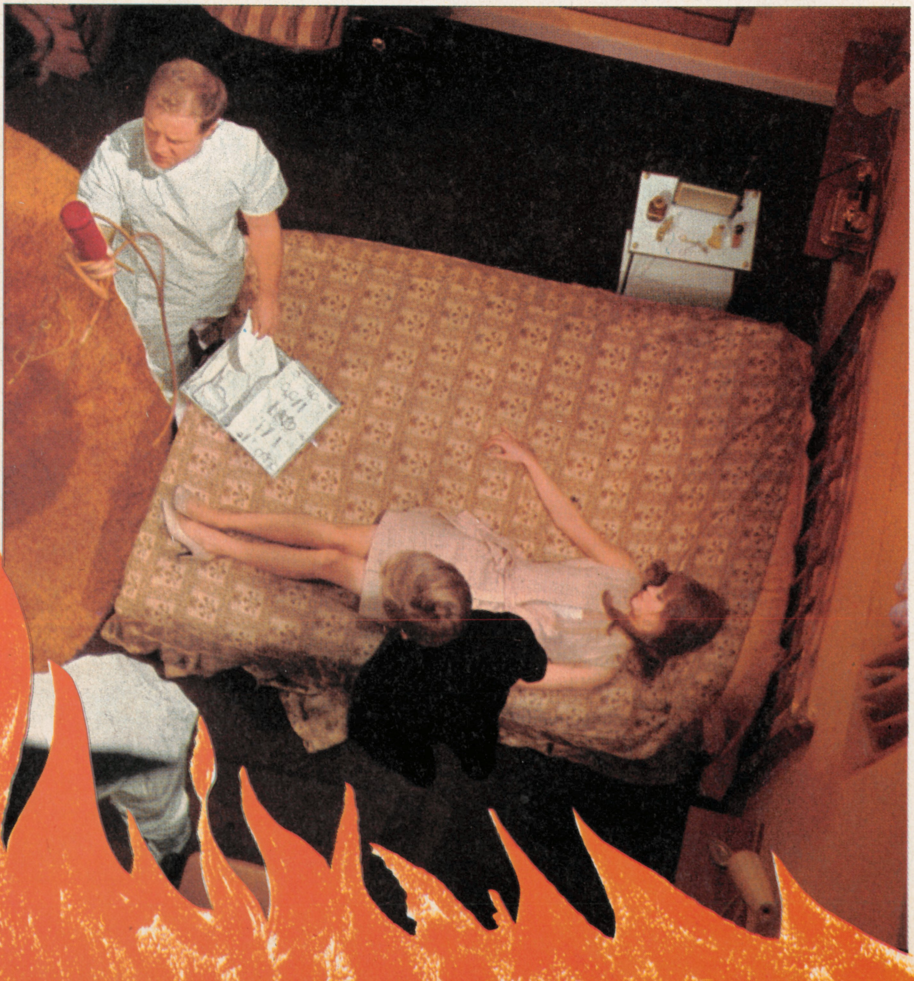
JULIE'S

JULIE'S

CLARISSE
the rebel

“They are like the two heads on some money,” says

SUICIDE is banned — as Linda painfully discovers.



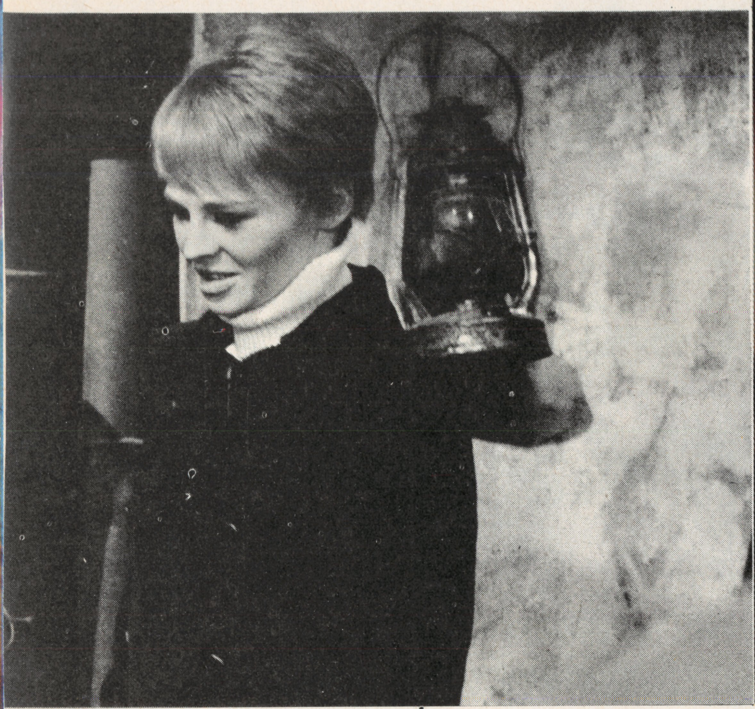
THERE are four starring roles in ace French director Francois Truffaut's first British film, *Fahrenheit 451*. And Julie Christie—everyone's actress of the year—plays half of them.

She is Linda, the conformist wife of Montag, the fireman. She is also Clarisse, a schoolteacher—and a rebel. And it is this quality of Clarisse's, this very love of life and all things free, which sows seeds of doubt in Montag's conditioned mind about his life and, indeed, his times.

Fahrenheit 451 is the temperature at which paper burns. And that's where Oskar Werner, as Montag, comes in. It is his job to burn books. As a fireman he doesn't put fires out; he starts them—wherever any books happen to be discovered.

The film, from Ray Bradbury's classic science-fiction novel, is set sometime, somewhere in the future, where the written word is banned. Books are a thing of the past (treasured only by a few hoarders, in fear of their lives). Newspapers still appear, but are a mass of illustrations, nothing more. And wall-sized television-sets instruct and inform and, in their chilling way, deform and debase the population.

DOUBLE DOUBLE



director Truffaut, "one in profile, the other full face"

LINDA

the wife

"I can't say if such an age will ever come about," muses Julie Christie, as she checks a point in her script. "But it does look as if we're already beginning to head in that direction."

This is Julie as Julie—my favourite role. She is, however, dressed as Clarisse, with her own long hair hidden beneath a short-haired wig, giving her something of a Seberg look.

We're at the "Tunnel" stage at Pinewood—brilliantly transformed into the fire station where Montag works. The whole area outside has been cleverly reconstructed. Yesterday's caked mud, weeds and rubble are now a roadway leading far away into a tunnel. The fire-engine itself is a very nude affair. No hoses, ladders, or any of the usual fire-fighting and rescue equipment. This vehicle is merely to transport the *451* firemen from A to B. Once at B (for books), they turn on their flame-throwers and a newly-discovered cache of books and, if necessary, the hoarder, too, go up in smoke.

Julie Christie, of course, is a big star now. Not that she shows it. But, like the Lorens, Taylors and Andresses, she has now a contractural right to check all her stills and delete any she

TO page 39

BREAKFAST for the Montags: Oskar Werner, Julie Christie.

PATSY KILLS HER POP—

Patsy Ann reveals a new dramatic talent in *Death Is A Woman.*

PATSY ANN NOBLE is a big girl now. All of 22. And she doesn't care who knows it. That's why eyebrows are being raised nervously in Tin Pan Alley, home of the Top Ten—and why tycoons are smiling happily in Wardour Street, home of the British film industry.

For the "new" Patsy Ann, dark-haired and daring, svelte and sensational, a girl with pin-up proportions, is busily kicking her pop-star image under the rug.

She records only the songs that really interest or excite her—and is entering films with a vengeance. "And properly this time," she adds with a flashing smile. "No more of those sing-along, climb-aboard-the-pop-wagon things."

In her starring debut, *Death Is A Woman*, Patsy Ann doesn't sing a note. She doesn't have time to. Not with swimming underwater in a skimpy bikini . . . smuggling dope on a Mediterranean isle . . . and killing anyone who is foolish enough to stand in her vicious way.

All this and nude scenes, too. "Yes, that's right—and why not?" she says, a note of defiance creeping into her

THE MARQUAND

SHE was born in Hollywood, where her film-star mother was hailed as the most beautiful woman in the world. Her friends include Marlon Brando and Roger Vadim. Her drama teachers include Richard Burton's mentor, Philip Burton, and Method-ist Stella Adler. Her parents were French star Jean Pierre Aumont and the late Maria Montez. And her husband is leading French husky heart-throb, Christian Marquand.

"All of which," agrees Tina Marquand, "can't be bad—as you say in London."

So it is, perhaps, not surprising that Tina should have "arrived", as they say in the international film world. But hers has been a very swift entry to fame, even by today's speedy standards.

Tina's bed scene with Terence Stamp in *Modesty Blaise*.

IMAGE

lilting voice. "I had a naked bed scene with Shaun Curry. Then director Frederic Goode asked me if I would mind sitting nude at my bedroom dressing-table for another shot. I agreed, of course. Both are very dramatic scenes, not at all tasteless."

Even so, I cannot quite imagine Dusty, Sandie or Cilla following suit. At least, not just yet.

"Frankly, I hated the pop-star bit," Patsy explains. "It just wasn't me. I mean, all that waltzing around on stage with billowy skirts and that. If I even tried to appear more like the real me, the boys liked the act, but their girls never did. When I first arrived here from Australia, of course, it was the only way to get known. Now I'm steering clear of it all."

After three years in the British pop-field, she's had enough—and aims to find the stardom she seeks in films. Then, and only then, will she consider taking a quick vacation back home.

"If you're in Australian show business and you leave home," she says, "you just daren't go back until you've made it. They'd crucify you if you did. I want to visit home. So I aim to make it . . ."

FOR MORE OF THE "NEW" PATSY ANN . . . TURN THE PAGE →

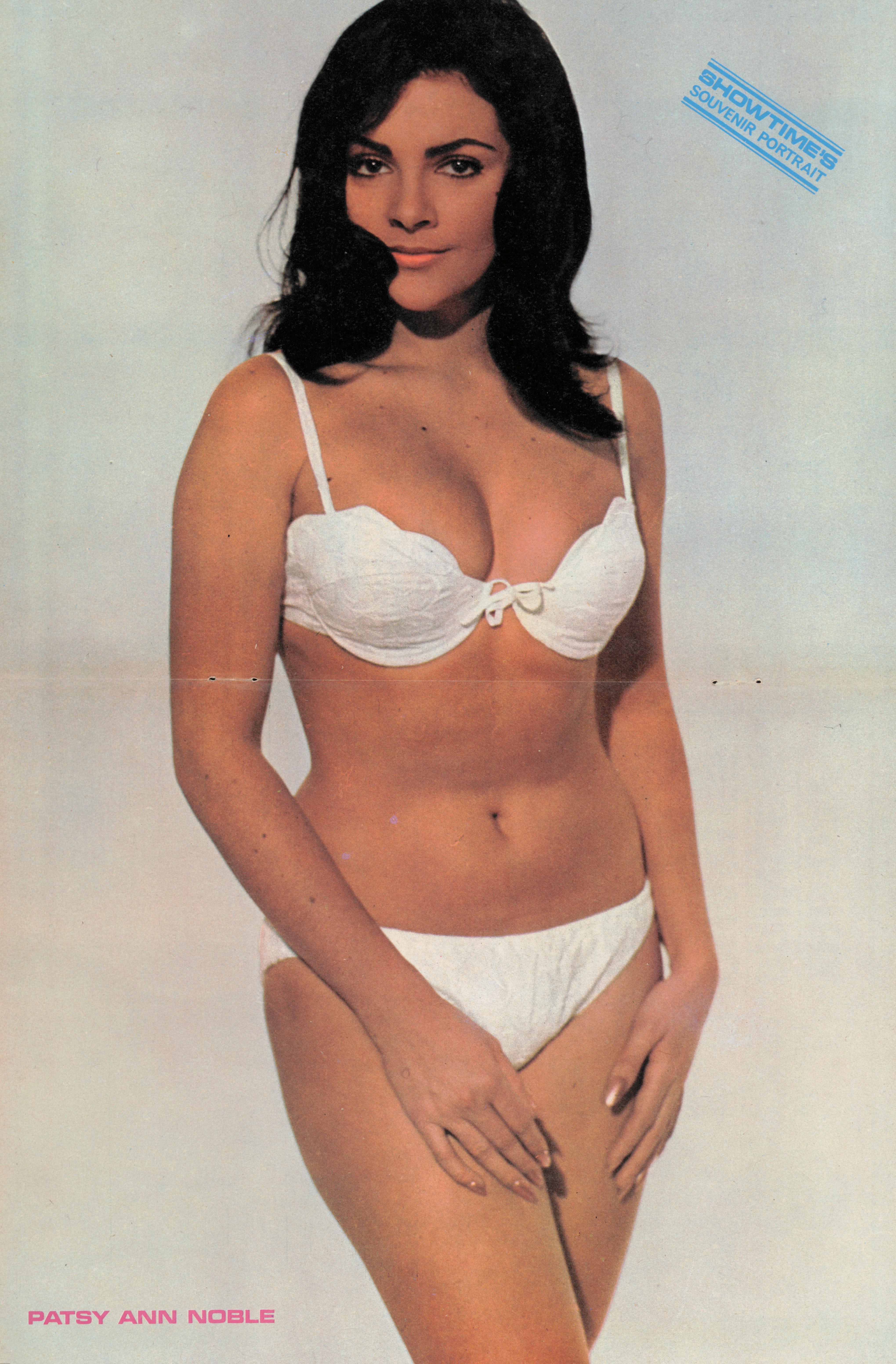
METHOD

Less than a year ago this very appealing, dark-skinned 19-year-old was an unknown, working at Shepperton studios on her debut film, *Modesty Blaise*. Now she has completed two more important productions: Vadim's new film for Jane Fonda, *The Quarry*, in Paris; and Dean Martin's whacky Western, *Texas Across The River*, with Alain Delon and Rosemary Forsyth, in Hollywood.

Tina was a little over 16 when she married Christian Marquand, one of France's most popular screen lovers, and a man who, it is said, has appeared in more bare-backed bed scenes than BB! But now he is turning to direction (with pal Brando and wife Tina among his stars) and it is Mrs. Marquand who is being romantic on the screen.

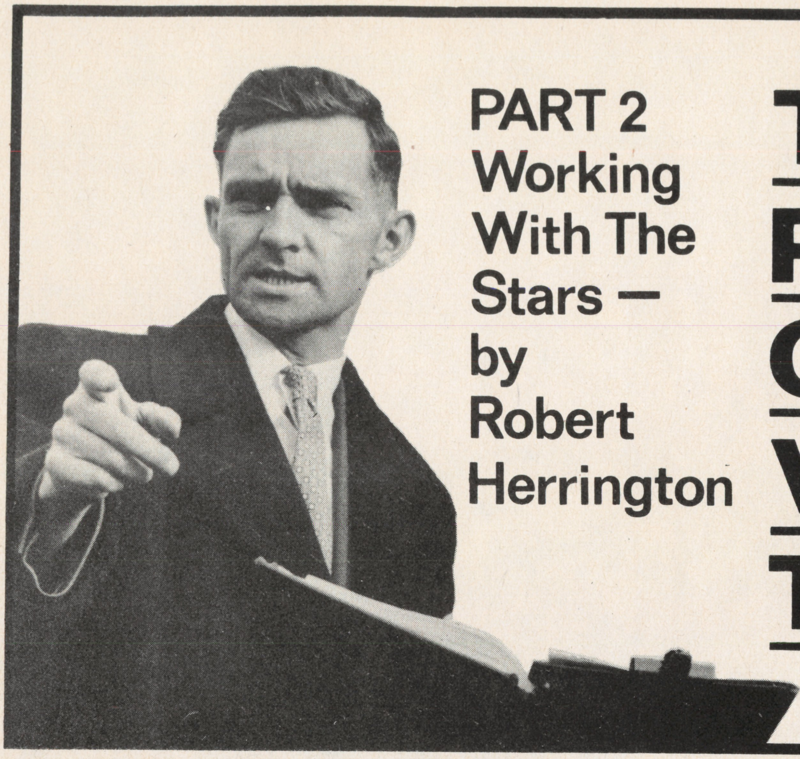
In *Modesty Blaise* she shares a bed scene ("with a breakfast tray hiding my bosom!") with Terence Stamp as the irrepressible Willie Garvin. In *The Quarry*, she is Jane Fonda's rival for Peter McEnery. And in her Western, she is a lively Injun girl chasing Alain Delon.

Below: Les Marquand—Christian and Tina go shopping.



SHOWTIME'S
SOUVENIR PORTRAIT

PATSY ANN NOBLE



PART 2

Working With The Stars —

by Robert Herrington

THE DAY PRINCE CHARLES VISITED THE SET

One star that Bob Herrington has seen grow—in every sense—is HAYLEY MILLS. Bob knows the Mills Family well—and has a special story to tell about Juliet's wedding. Hayley's friend? A greyhound—named . . . Hayley Mills!

AS a studio publicity director, I am fortunate enough to meet some of the most interesting and famous people in the world. One man I will never forget working with is Tony Armstrong Jones—Lord Snowden.

Tony, as we called him then, is one of the most likeable men I have ever met. As a raconteur and mealtime companion it would be difficult to find anyone more amusing. He is witty, full of life, with a warm personality and a tremendous talent.

It was during one of our conversations that he told me one of his secrets as a photographer, and I am sure it explains how he gets many of his wonderful pictures.

"When I see something which I think will make an interesting picture I lift my camera and shoot it," he explained. "I never stop to see if the shutter is at the right speed, or the lens at the right aperture. The main thing is to take the shot because, if you mess about getting the camera ready, the chances are the 'picture' will be gone for ever."

At that time we knew Tony was the Royal photographer but we didn't know that Tony was soon to marry Princess Margaret. It was something he never mentioned.

Talking about photography brings to my mind the lovely Finnish star, Taina Elg. Taina was the most enthusiastic photographer I have ever met. She came to England—armed with camera and film—to complete *The Thirty-Nine Steps* with Kenneth More, and every moment she was free she spent snapping various places of interest around London and other parts of Great Britain.

I will never forget Taina because, for one whole week, I looked after her baby boy, Raoul. Yes, I was chief baby-minder and chief publicity man all at the same time! Then, to my relief (and, no doubt, the baby's), Taina found an English nannie to take over. It was just as well, because I was beginning to get a little nervous of the bites young Raoul was giving me!

As soon as I waved Taina off to America, I welcomed to London another Hollywood star—a woman I will never forget. Her name? Lauren Bacall. To me, Lauren was an enigma. One minute I disliked her, the next I felt sorry for her, and the next I loved her.

To me, she is what is known, for want of a better description, as a "real character". She seems to be a combination of every fascinating characteristic one is likely to find in a woman, whether you like those characteristics or not.

It would be untrue to say I ever understood Lauren Bacall. She is extremely intelligent; extremely well-read. She has a complete grasp of world affairs. She is also extremely beautiful, utterly feminine and a fine actress—and she really kept me on my toes.

For instance, there was the time I was in Madrid with Lauren, and I learned the following day we were to fly down to Granada. On the evening before the departure I visited the airline offices and asked the following questions: 1, What type of aircraft would we be flying in? 2, What would the cabin temperature be? 3, What would the outside temperature be when we landed? 4, Did they serve Spanish or American coffee on board? 5, What were the names of the pilot and the stewardesses? 6, Did they have Salem cigarettes (Lauren's favourite brand) on board? 7, What altitude would we fly at?

I asked many other questions, too—for just one reason: I knew it was very likely Lauren would ask me any one of them during our trip—and heaven help me if I didn't know the answers. I had to be one jump ahead of this famous actress and, I can assure you, it was a strain at times.

Even so, Lauren could have her softer moments; moments when she was sentimental. Once, when I was in India with her, we visited the Taj Mahal. She looked up at the beautiful building and, almost to herself, she said: "Perhaps this place is so wonderful because of the thought behind it. After all, it was built because a man loved a woman."

I looked at Lauren and she looked radiant. I was a little touched by her comment and I warmed towards her. However, no sooner had I decided that she was indeed a most sentimental person, and that I really did think the world of her, when she spoiled it.

"I don't want any monuments built to me after I'm gone," she said. "I'll willingly settle for affection while I'm here!"

See what I mean about an enigma?

The first time I dined with Lauren was in a famous London restaurant. The producer of the film was entertaining us.

We had just reached the coffee stage when the producer took out a cigar and started a search in his pockets for a cigar cutter.

"Here," offered Bacall, taking, of all things, a saw from her handbag. "Is this any use? Or this?" she said, producing a hammer. "Or this?" she went on, brandishing a spanner. "Or these?" and from her great handbag she took out a chisel, a pair of pliers, a file, a gimlet and a penknife.

"Well, you never know when they might come in handy," explained Lauren noting the astonished look on the producer's face.

FINCH in tears

A male star who, in a different way, is as off-beat as Lauren, is Peter Finch.

I have been to the most elegant, high-level receptions in Australia with Peter and he has appeared beautifully groomed, in immaculate evening wear—but for some inexplicable reason, he never wore socks! And I understand he still doesn't wear them.

Once I accompanied Peter to the mighty State Theatre in Sydney, where he was to make a personal appearance before the premiere of one of his films.

On this occasion I noticed, for once, that Peter was a little uneasy. I stood in the wings as he waited for the curtain to rise, and tried to calm his fears. I didn't know what was bothering him, although I thought perhaps it was because he was back home in Australia for the first time as a world star.

As the curtain went up, Peter walked to the centre of the stage, and the reception he got from the thousands of Aussies packing the theatre was fantastic. The cheering and clapping went on for several minutes—and then I saw the tears rolling down Peter's cheeks.

The audience also saw the tears and suddenly you could hear a pin drop. Peter was so overwhelmed that he couldn't speak. The tears coursed down his face; his carefully prepared speech was forgotten. My heart went out to him. I thought he would run off the stage.

Then I saw what a real professional Peter Finch was for he managed to blurt out: "Your reception has overwhelmed me—I'm doing a Johnnie Ray on you!"

If the reception had been fantastic before he spoke, it was nothing to the mighty burst of cheering that followed. It was a moment I will never forget.

Another star who never takes advantage of his position is Kenneth More.

Kenny is one of the least complicated stars I've worked with. He has a magnetic personality and, in the years I've known him, I have never met anyone who does not like him.

At the drop of a hat Kenny will tear off to visit hospitals, orphanages and old-age pensioners' homes. He will support any worth-while charity.

You can't be in Kenny's company and not feel on top of the world. He has a great zest for life. He never has moods.

Kenny's easy-going nature was never more in evidence than it was in a Northern town not long ago. I was accompanying him on a nation-wide tour to promote one of his films.

MORE on tour

Altogether we had to visit 33 towns and cities in 15 days and sometimes it was hard going. On this particular occasion, Kenny was scheduled to meet the Mayor of the town in his parlour at 6 p.m.

We were early and reached the Town Hall at 5.45 p.m. Kenny, never one to sit still for even 15 minutes, bounded into the Town Hall with me at his heels.

"Where is the Mayor's parlour?" he asked an attendant. On being told, he ran up the stairs, knocked on the half-open door and poked his head into the room.

The Mayor, an elderly gentleman, was obviously getting ready to meet his guest and an attendant was about to place his gold chain round his neck.

"Ah, ha, Mr. Mayor," boomed Kenny in that terrific voice of his, "I may not have caught you with your pants down—but at least I've caught you with your chain off!"

The mayor blinked at Kenny and, somewhat irritated, said: "Tch, tch, go away young man. I've no time to be bothered now. I'm expecting some film star chap in a few minutes, so do go away."

Kenny and I slunk down the stairs and sat in the car until exactly 6 p.m. Then we went in again and returned to the Mayor's parlour.

This time, in all his regalia, the Mayor was waiting to receive Kenny. But the dear old boy was completely oblivious to the fact that a few minutes earlier he had sent Kenny packing. In fact he didn't know the famous star from a bar of soap. How Kenny kept a straight face I will never know!

Towards the end of this marathon tour, Kenny saw that I was fairly exhausted and tried to buck me up. "Cheer up, Bob," he said. "It may be the end of the tour for us, but to these people it is only the beginning. We must be as chirpy, and take as much interest in them, as we did with the people in the first city we visited."

See what I mean about feeling great in Kenny's company?

It was during the filming of a Kenneth More film that the Queen and Prince Charles turned up on the set.

Prince Charles was only a little boy then and he had great fun inspecting the beautiful model ships we were using in the film. We took some wonderful photographs of the young Prince but, as it was a private visit, I couldn't send them to the Press. Can you imagine being a publicity man, having in your

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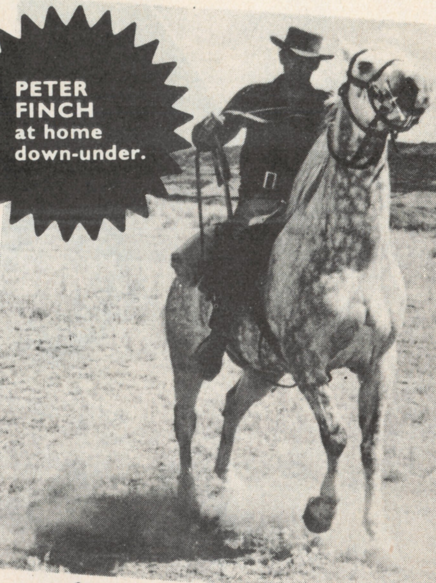
PICTURES FROM MY ALBUM . . .



PETER FINCH at home down-under.

KENNY MORE meets an Indian fan.

LAUREN BACALL working in India.

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MODESTY

MORE DEADLY THAN BOND?

BEFORE Peter O'Donnell put pen to paper and produced that high-powered heroine Modesty Blaise, no one would have thought it possible for a writer, no matter how skilled, to give birth to a female character who could match James Bond at his own game.

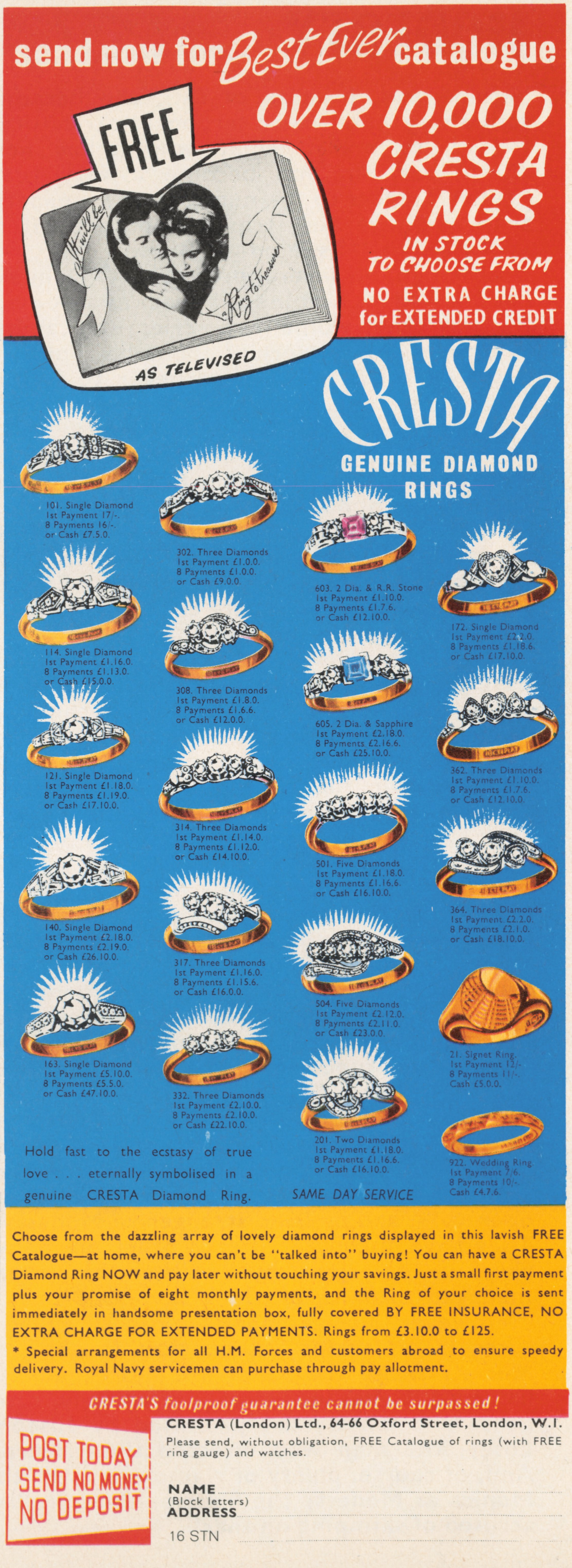
While other writers were letting their imaginations run riot in the hope of coming up with something original enough to steal some of the thunder from 007, O'Donnell's character was steadily forming in his mind. And now we know that he was too clever by half for his rivals. When his new super-agent emerged in the *Evening Standard* we discovered the character was not a man—but a woman. That was his master stroke.

Building the hair-raising adventures and battles around a female was a smart trick because it meant the character was something completely new. Even Bond, when Ian Fleming first brought him to life, was called a "modern-day Sherlock Holmes" and a "space-age Richard Hannay". But Modesty was a first. An original.

Once the character had come to life in O'Donnell's mind, he had an even bigger task: he had to make her "live" for the public. He knew that if she were drawn merely as a tough cookie able to take care of herself she would not be a success.

She had to be tough, all right. But more than that. She had to be feminine. She had to have heart. And this is where O'Donnell did such a splendid job. He poured some subtle ingredients into the make-up of his

TURN page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MODESTY

FROM previous page

heroine and, because of this, she became something more than a cardboard caricature. Indeed, to many people who follow her adventures, she has become a very real person. Letters to the numerous newspapers that syndicate her strip cartoon are often addressed to "Miss Modesty Blaise . . ."

Although, on several occasions, O'Donnell has allowed his heroine to appear as a woman like any other woman (she cries; she can be sentimental; she worries about her appearance) he takes great pains never to let us forget one thing. Modesty is a killer! When she wishes, she can strike as viciously as a black mamba. In fact, her faithful readers have often commented that her bite is more deadly than Bond's.

And Modesty's enemies? How do they compare with the infamous Dr. No, the menacing Goldfinger and the sinister Emilio Largo? In terms of deadly cunning and evilness, they compare very well.

Modesty's adversaries in the cartoon strip have been as colourful a bunch of criminals as you are likely to find in fiction. In the first Modesty Blaise film, which stars Monica Vitti as Modesty and Terence Stamp as Willie Garvin, her intrepid side-kick, the villain is a fascinating character called Gabriel. Dirk Bogarde is the actor who brings him to evil life.

In the film—titled simply *Modesty Blaise*—Modesty is coaxed out of retirement by the Secret Service and asked to provide inside knowledge of the world's underworld to help them protect a £50 million shipment of diamonds to a certain Sheikh Abu Tahir. The diamonds are to be sent in return for a valuable oil concession. The Secret Service realises there are several international criminal operators who will stop at nothing to divert the diamonds into their possession.

Gabriel, a multi-millionaire master criminal, is the most dangerous of these operators, and he is no stranger to Modesty. They have encountered each other on many previous occasions but neither has ever managed to finish off the other.

However, if the emphasis in the 007 adventures is on thrills rather than laughs, in *Modesty Blaise* the scales are more equally balanced. Generous helpings of comedy, suspense and fantasy are promised by Joseph Losey, the man who directed the picture. And, of course, plenty of glamour . . . With Monica as Modesty the film could hardly be accused of skimping on that!

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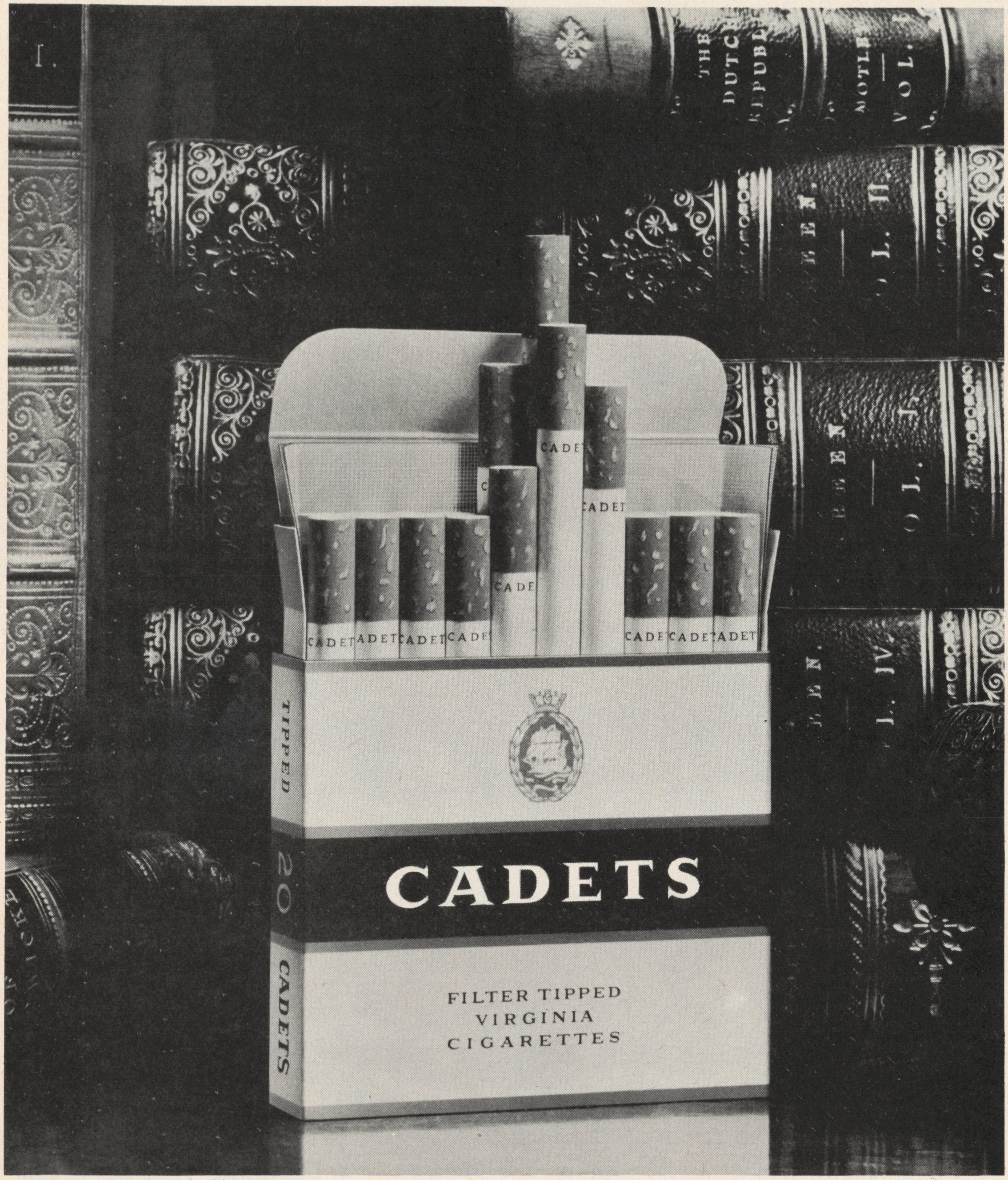
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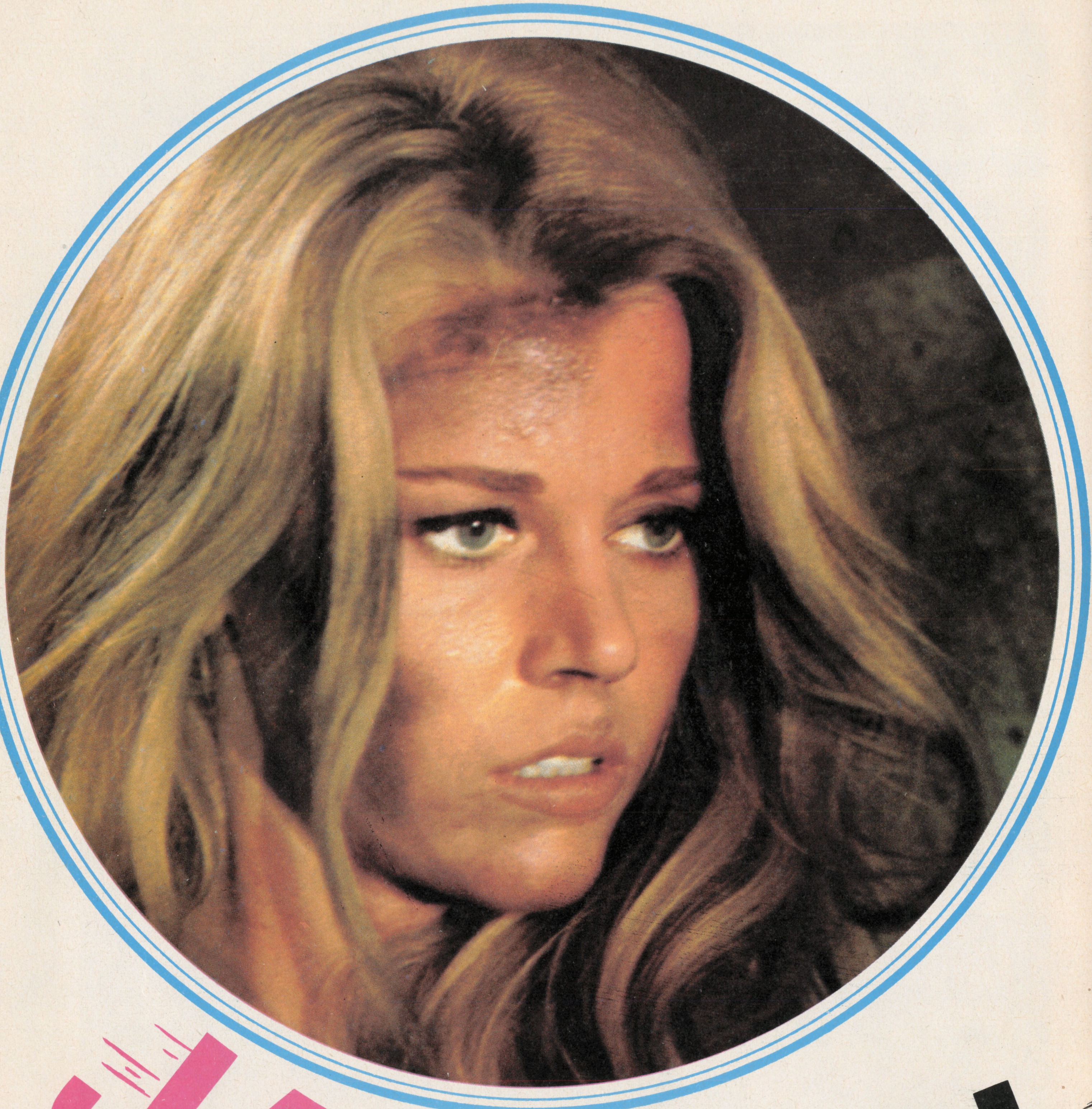


JANE ON

THE RUN

JANE FONDA got up at 6 a.m., threw open the window of her hotel bedroom and looked down on the dusty street below. There were several people about, even at that early hour. It looked like being a good day; already the sun was warming the roof-tops of the small Californian town.

Jane had a shower, dressed hurriedly, downed three glasses of fruit juice and then she was ready to leave the hotel to start another day's work.

Her day began, as it always did, in the make-up chair; and by the time she arrived at the make-up room several of the other stars of the film—including Marlon Brando, James Fox, Robert Redford and Angie Dickinson—were also busy preparing for the location shooting on Sam Spiegel's *The Chase*.

This was a tough picture to make, but Jane was enjoying the location. She loved the wide open spaces of California, and often she would go for walks across the sun-scorched plains that surrounded the town.

"Give me a horse," Jane would joke. "I'm going to ride away across that mountain. If I don't come back in three months, send a search party!"

Jane was excited about *The Chase*. So were the other stars.

"It's not every day you get a chance to work with a man like Sam Spiegel," she said. "With him you know the movie is going to be something special."

When you remember that Spiegel is the producer behind such films as *On The Waterfront*, *Bridge On The River Kwai* and *Lawrence Of Arabia*, you can understand why all those concerned with *The Chase* are optimistic about its future.

Marlon Brando, who usually sticks out for the largest role in any film, can almost be said to be taking a back seat in this one. However, the last time he worked with Spiegel was in *On The Waterfront*. The film won eight Oscars, including Brando's Best Actor award, so despite the fact a lot of the limelight will be on the other actors, he was in no mood to argue when the producer asked him to play a part in this new film.

Jane's early-morning sessions in the make-up chair didn't usually take long, although, at one stage of the production, she did find the department's demands on her time increasing. This was because a part of the story called for her to have "a slightly battered look."

Even so, she was always ready to go before the cameras by 8.30 a.m.

"Her time-keeping is perfect," said director Arthur Penn. "She doesn't keep you waiting a minute."

Penn, who directed *The Miracle Worker* and *Toys In The Attic*, was an original choice for *The Chase*. Indeed, the story itself is the result of some original thinking on the part of Spiegel and his scriptwriter Lillian Hellman. After *Kwai* and *Lawrence*, two of the greatest films ever made, it was certain the producer's next picture would be an ambitious one.

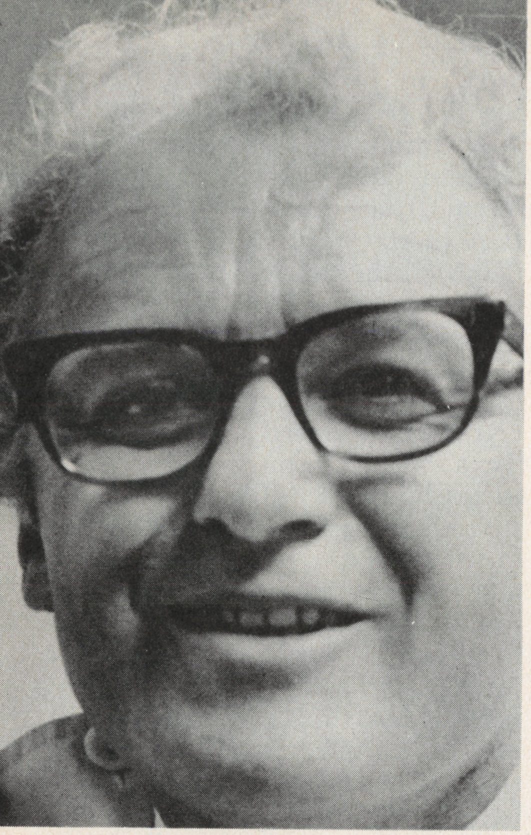
When you consider the cast for *The Chase*, you can see just how ambitious the production is. And the story? It is as different from his other productions as any story could be—but it has all the drama and excitement one expects to find in a Spiegel film.

The story opens with the escape of Bubber Richards (Robert Redford) from the Texas State Prison. He returns to his hometown Tarl, and the subsequent search for the unfortunate young criminal sets off a chain of events in the narrow-minded coastal community. The intrigues, passions, hatreds and avarice end with an explosiveness which shocks the citizens into a numbed realisation of their lack of moral or ethical values.

Tarl is peopled with all the strata of economic and social life. Sheriff Calder (Marlon Brando) is forced to take on the town almost alone in an attempt to save Bubber's wife Anna (Jane Fonda). She is having an affair with his friend Jake Rogers (James Fox), and she tries to aid Bubber's escape into Mexico.

"It is a tremendous story," said Jane before shooting her first scene of the day. "In a way the convict is not the only person on the run in the film. Most of the people who live in Tarl are on the run. The community, together with the age in which we live, combine to meet in an explosive climax of senseless hate which brings the sheriff, paradoxically, to his victory."

'14,000 dollars in debt!'



STEIGER

Above: As Joyboy in *The Loved One.*

FROM page 19

We were splitting a handy bottle of some local beverage. "I mean they really hurt. What the hell do these kind of people, these moaners, think I am? Some kind of monster?

"This whole stupid myth about me—you know, being tyrannical and all that—has come about simply because I do fight over certain aspects of my film work. Over points of logic. Not interpretation—that's very important. Interpretation one can discuss all day.

"Oh sure, I'll fight all right. Fight tooth and nail. And I'll get up and damn well leave the movie if I have to." He chuckled happily. "I haven't had to, so far, as it happens."

He laughed again. "So much for the Steiger myth. As I told David Lean at the time: '*We've come to work together with one thing in our favour at least—mutual respect, I hope.*' I'm old-fashioned that way, I guess.

"If anyone asks me what I think of a certain actor, I say: '*Wait until I can see his or her career over a ten-year period and I'll see what his level is.*' Otherwise, all I can say is that I think he's talented. Or I hope he is!"

Time couldn't be more ripe to consider the 12-year-old film career of Rodney Stephen Steiger—the former leather-cutter, ice-loader, lorry-driver, fairground-barker, civil servant and U.S. Navy torpedo man. His career, following a three-year spell a while back when his future seemed at its very blackest (despite his shattering impact in such films as *On The Waterfront*, *The Big Knife*, *The Harder They Fall*), has never been better.

This year marks a huge come-back for Steiger. He's the star who has come back in from the cold. A frostiness created only by himself and his impeccably high standards.

His absence from Hollywood has nothing to do with not being required for films, rather that he didn't like any of the films he was required for. So he came to Europe instead, where his talents have been really appreciated . . .

Recalling those black days, he told me: "It was amazing. I am supposed to be an established name—whatever that means. An international whatever. Then one morning, I found I was 14,000 dollars in debt. Some shock!

"What had happened? I had certain things I believed in and the material, the scripts, the offers, never came up to it. Awful! Then bang! I hit this lucky streak. Sydney Lumet and *The Pawnbroker* . . . Tony Richardson's *The Loved One* . . . Ermanno Olmi and his Pope John film, *And A Man Came* . . . Franco Rossi and *Hands Across The City*. I had all these good directors—damned nearly the cream of the crop—and now I end up with Lean. A fantastic run! So now all my beliefs have been reinforced."

EXTREMELY LUCKY

He paused for a while. Then: "I'm extremely lucky. I have the privilege of working in things I believe in. And it is very seldom you get a job you work at that you can like or love."

Steiger first settled hereabouts after his marriage to Claire Bloom. Not **because** of it, however. Both Rod and Claire go where the work is; home is wherever their latest project may be.

"People always think it's easy to get me to attack Hollywood because of this," he went on. "It isn't. Because I find in all the film capitals, the same conditions that people knock Hollywood for. I've found lousy material all over the world. There just seems to be a better opportunity for me with your more adult level of material.

"An artistic medium is like a field. You have a time of great harvest—like we had Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller in the States ten years ago. Now it is a time of fallow in the American theatre. These things have to rest; they'll come along soon."

Rod describes Miller as the world's best playwright. "He and Williams changed English-speaking acting. And I don't mean . . . The Method.

"To me there is no such thing as The Method," he snorted with disgust. "And I think the people who claim to be professors or teachers of this elusive style, are damaging acting.

"I started acting any way I could and kept at it. If I had a gift, I knew it would be recognised eventually. The public is far more intelligent than the people who make movies imagine."

He poured himself a fresh drink. "Method-talk reminds me of my favourite story about Manolete, the famous bullfighter. He was invited to a banquet and all the aficionados, all the intellectuals, were there busily discussing the arts of bullfighting. They went on for hours. Finally, they remembered the event was in Manolete's honour. They turned to him and said: '*Now, maestro, you tell us, O great one, what is the art of bullfighting?*' And he replied: '*I don't know. I just fight the bulls.*'

"That's it in a nutshell. When an actor is fortunate enough to be in work, he's too busy to discuss what is art and what isn't and what it should be. All I know is that it should be one very important thing—purely personal. Acting is a constant exploration. Myself—that is my main instrument.

"Any truly creative artist is basically a poet. You may write it. You may act it. You may put it to music. Build it in a building. Paint it—or whatever. You need this poetic perspective of perception. This is something special."

When it comes to viewing his own work, Rod Steiger scorns the private viewing rooms and seldom sees his own "rushes". He prefers to join an audience in a real cinema; although he does run a few of his films at home—"mainly my British movie, *Across The Bridge*, because so few Americans ever got to see it!

"I like to see my films, of course, to see how they—and I—worked out. There's a couple I never want to see—*Run Of The Arrow* (a cult film in France because Samuel Fuller directed it) and *The Unholy Wife* (with Diana Dors). They were both hurriedly made and I never felt they came off."

Ever the generous host, he refilled the glasses, and went on. "They were what I call business-pictures—they raised my salary above a certain level, which then gave me more artistic freedom. I remember I finished one on a Friday and started the other on the Monday. But because my salary went above this certain bracket between films, when I left the studios on Friday night, they said: '*Good night, Rod*'. When I turned up on Monday: '*Good morning, Mr. Steiger*'.

"A complete lie. Their 'respect' had nothing to do with talent or ability—

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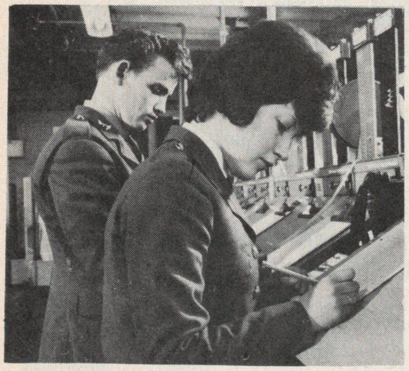
THIS GIRL THIS UNIFORM AND A COMPLETELY NEW KIND OF LIFE



This is the working dress of the Women's Royal Army Corps. It's couturier-designed, in a shade of lovat green and individually fitted for each girl.

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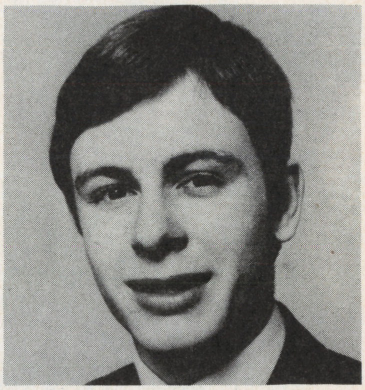

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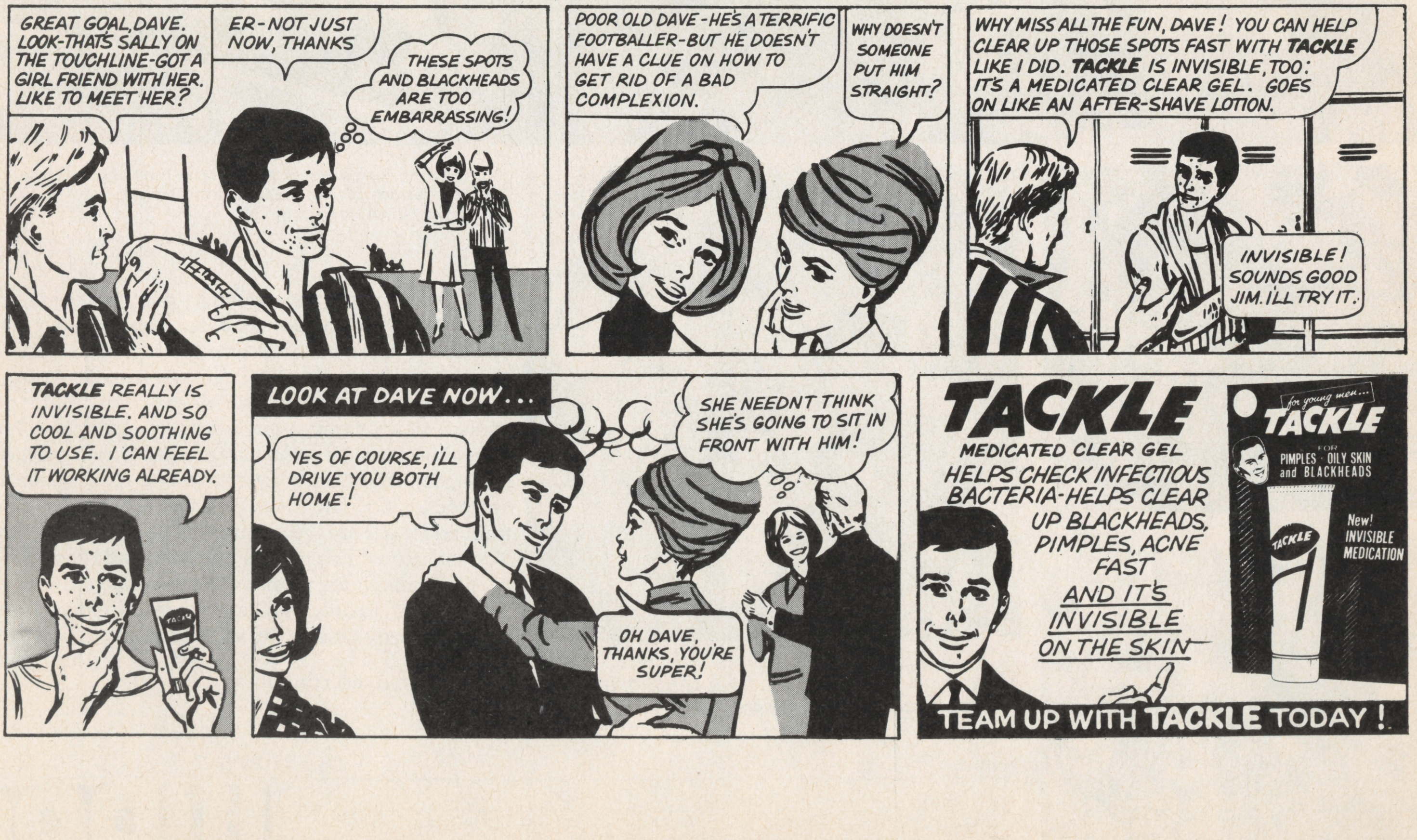

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STEIGER

FROM page 34

just money. They stick with the money in movieland. Once you're above a certain level, you can get artistic freedom; when you talk, people listen. The irony is that this has nothing to do with talent. Dollars decide what is said. Shouldn't be that way, of course."

Among his 23 films, Steiger does not have a favourite, as such. He files them away under other categories. *The Big Knife* he calls "*the film which frightened me the most*."

Then, *The Pawnbroker*—which has won him the most awards to date, for his semi-documentary study of a numbed-by-life Jew in New York's Spanish Harlem—comes under "*greatest sense of satisfaction*". He added: "I loved that one. There was such depth and richness in the script—enough to swim in." (In fact, Steiger sacrificed his salary to make it. And now he's going to make another film for the same team—Eugene O'Neill's famous drama, *The Iceman Cometh*.)

His latest role, the motivating part of Kamarovsky in *Doctor Zhivago*, apart from aesthetic values, pleases him because he gets to play "*some sexy scenes*" with Julie Christie!

"Best way to describe Kamarovsky is to say he's one of the best-dressed men in Moscow. And he's the only man in Moscow who's ever read Playboy! That's the kinda guy he is!

"He's not a villain; there are no villains in the film, really. He moves from left to right like an amoeba. Sits on the fence, as we'd say. His one fear is scandal, because that would expose him, and exposure means Siberia or death. Or, indeed, both.

"He's like a chess player who plays one game without attention to a pawn. And that pawn is Lara, his mistress (Julie Christie). His one mistake is that in spite of himself, he falls in love with this . . . this . . . **this girl!** For that's all she is. At times during the filming, I'd stop and think: '*What am I doing chasing her? I must have had women who are better in every way . . .*' But Kamarovsky has this obsession".

For an actor who became famous by playing big, tough, and usually inarticulate, men, Rod Steiger is really most erudite, very articulate, and enormously humorous. So it's no great surprise to hear that his latest Hollywood offers are for comedies.

This stems, not so much from his off-set conversation, as from his performance in *The Loved One*, Tony Richardson's first film since *Tom Jones*. Rod plays a blond, bland (and much else!) funeral parlour make-up expert. Mr. Joyboy by name.

"Actually, I was very worried because this was my first comedy for the screen. One day, Tony was showing me the various Greek statue reproductions they were going to use—and as we passed Appollo, or some guy, I said it would be a good idea to have this white platinum hair all in curls, white make-up and bee-sting lips, because Joyboy is a 'gay' character.

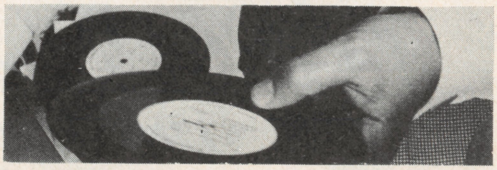
Steiger's views on directors (and his last five naturally rate very high with him) are interesting, as he is hoping to make his debut in this field soon. Maybe in a film starring his wife. "When she's working, it's a case of Claire Bloom, actress," he explained. "Anyway, I never speak for her. Between two people, if there is any kind of relationship at all, emotional blackmail is only an invitation to a God-awful situation."

As we finally drained the bottle of wine, we were discussing success, and how some people are, as he put it, assassinated by their personal greed, and others divorce themselves because of success from their first love—creative discovery.

"Where success is concerned," commented Steiger, "I always try to remember that the world that proclaims you a genius on Monday is the same one that will criticise you on Tuesday, condemn you on Wednesday, and forget who the hell you are on Thursday!"

JURY ON TRIAL

FROM page 16



"We have a popular show. But we are always out to try to make it more popular. If any of your readers have suggestions about new things we could do while the discs are on, we would be most happy to hear about them."

Point 2: "By and large, we can arouse controversy only if the discs are controversial. We don't *make* records. We just pick from those available each week. But we *do* have our controversial moments. I can recall, for example, Johnny Mathis and later Eartha Kitt triggering off arguments on the show—and then headlines in the Press—with some pretty blunt comments.

"Then—just a few weeks ago—we had two strong controversies in one programme. Patsy Ann Noble lashed out at cover versions in general—and at Val Doonican's *Elusive Butterfly* in particular.

"Then Brian Matthew and I got into an argument—which later found its way into print—over Barry Sadler's *Ballad Of The Green Berets*. When controversy *does* come, we love it!"

Point 3: "Right from the first we have deliberately had two 'experts' and two 'non-experts' on the panel. Occasionally, a 'non-expert' whom we think will be bright and talkative, will be otherwise.

"But on the whole such panellists have great entertainment value. Mind you, there are many people in all walks of life who might not call themselves experts in pop music—but are, in fact, very fully clued up on it."

Point 4: "This no doubt refers, for example, to: '*That's what they think about that one. NOW let's see what they think about this.*' The point is that lines like this are *cue* lines. I have a number of them in the show. They are a guide to cameramen and other technicians. For example, at the end of the show I must say, '*Now, on behalf of the panel . . .*'—as a cue to the cameras to train on to them.

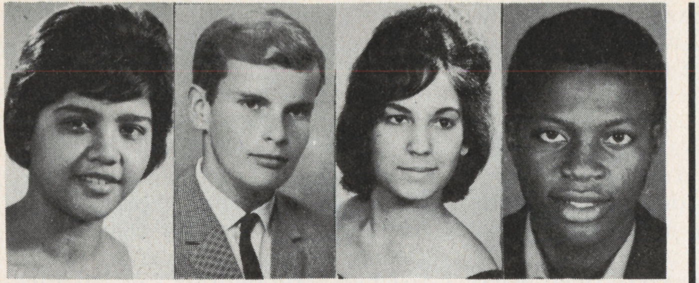
"These cue lines are essential to the running of the show. There are not more than a few ways in which I can say them. Where I do get more chance for variety is when I am discussing something with the panellists. Then I do my best!"

Point 5: "What surprises do you want? We can't, for example, have students turning up and demanding something for Rag Week! I know the 'hot seat' used to bring a welcome surprise element; it had to be dropped when we went into a smaller studio. I liked it enormously. Maybe we shall have it back. I certainly hope so."

AND NOW—YOU BE THE JUDGES

What do you—the viewers—think of *Juke Box Jury*? Do you want it to carry on as it is? Would you like to see it changed in style? Or even replaced?

We shall be glad to have your views—and to forward them to David Jacobs. Postcards only, please. Prize of 10 LPs for the best one received. (Send to: "Juke Box Jury" Contest, Showtime, Furnival House, 14–18 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.)



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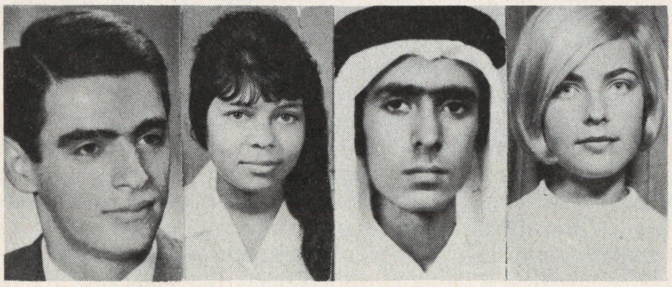

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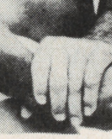

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JULIE'S DOUBLE

FROM page 21

doesn't approve of. She gives only two interviews a week. "Well, you know what I'm like at interviews. I can't keep still, always hopping around. I get very nervous. More than two a week when I'm working would kill me".

We leave the set, and she takes me to her dressing-room; unmistakably hers. Big enough for a Star. Untidy enough for a Christie.

Costumes, with stockings and other pieces of feminine gear strewn across them, hang precariously on toppling hangers. The tables in front of the make-up mirror are littered with odds and ends: the block stand for her film wigs, half-full packets of Consulate cigarettes, bookmatches, letters, post-cards, doodles on note-pads, ash-trays, a trichologist's business-card, and a Sunday newspaper open at an interview with David Lean—director of her last film, *Dr. Zhivago*.

Shoes are scattered all over the floor; handbags rest on chairs; and there, standing incongruously alongside one chair, is a lonely jar of what appears to be home-made jam. Unopened.

Julie had been asleep most of the morning. She is now very much awake after a lunch of salad and beer with her boy-friend, art-teacher Don Bessant, paying one of his rare visits to her at work. He had brought along a couple of their friends. "You bored?" she had asked them solicitously outside in the hall. "I told you you'd be bored."

Julie herself, however, is far from bored. Tired, yes. And ecstatic to be working for Truffaut. "I adored his *Jules Et Jim*."

Truffaut, whose films have earned him a place among the world's top directors at 34, began planning *Fahrenheit 451* as long as four years ago. Author Ray Bradbury was quick to give the talented Frenchman *carte blanche* with the book's adaptation. With his script complete, Truffaut contacted Julie mid-way through *Dr. Zhivago*.

"He wanted me for Clarisse, the rebel of a teacher," she says. "I said: '*Fine, but who's playing the wife?*' You know, just out of interest. Kept on asking and was getting no answer at all from anyone!

"Then they started to say: '*Old Francois, he's got this great idea for the wife. Just great!*' 'What, what?' I'd say. '*Oh we think he should be the one to tell you.*' So I had to wait until he did. And now I know. I'm playing both parts!"

Julie lights a mentholated cigarette, and with no long hair to tug as usual while she talks, she begins playing with the cigarette. Now she's up, hunting for an ashtray.

"No, it's not easy, of course," she goes on. "But I must say, they're being very good about it. I'm Linda for maybe a week or two at a time; then Clarisse for a week. Couldn't do it any other way."

There's a knock at the door. Phone call for Miss Christie—"it's your estate agent, luv." Julie leaps up, excuses herself—and vanishes.

Within seconds she's back. "Trying to buy a house," she explains. "Well, I want to show something for all this. And then when I'm not wanted any more, I can sell it and live in a bed-sitter again."

She dials the number given her by the estate agent, and wisely not mentioning her name, inquires about a certain property. "How much?" She smiles, says goodbye and laughs at me: "£19,000—hah!—must tell Don." She darts away to inform Don, who's still outside in the hall with their friends.

"Sorry," she smiles. "Now, where were we? Oh yes, the two roles . . . no, I can't say I have a favourite between the two. Though, if anything, I suppose I should admit a sneaking regard for the wife, Linda. Not the character, herself. I don't mean that! But the actual role—it's something completely out of my type, isn't it?

"I mean, she's dull and boring in her way. What's that? Cowed . . . a victim of her time? Yes, I suppose that's it. She conforms fully to the time she's living in. She just doesn't think any more. Nothing makes a ripple on her vapid brain."

Truffaut sees the dual role as two different girls bearing some resemblance to one another—"as if from the same coin; like the two heads on some money, one in profile, the other full face."

"Oh, he's a marvellous man—just marvellous." Julie is roaring her approval of Truffaut. "Has these great flashes of inspiration. They're sudden. But they're always so right.

"For instance, he sees the time of *451* as a very narcissistic age; so we're often caught stroking and admiring ourselves.

"How does he compare to Lean? I've just been reading here about David. He says he's like a sponge for his cast to squeeze dry. That is so right! You can sit and talk to dear David for hours about a scene or a character. Francois is the opposite, but just as good. He tells you what he wants, and then leaves it to you to give it to him.

"Yes, we talk in French. Francois seems to have definitely made up his mind that his English will not be heard here!"

Another knock at the door. A call to the set this time. We leave the room, and after a few minutes' banter with Don and the mates in the hall, Julie reports back to Truffaut—a black-overcoated figure with staring eyes.

Where does Julie Christie go from here? A long holiday, she insists—and rightly so; she has, after all, been working virtually non-stop since she began *Darling* in late-1964.

"Go away? I might do. More than likely I'll stay here though—this is where my mates are. Either way I don't make another film until *Far From The Madding Crowd* for John Scheslinger in August. We were going to do *A Severed Head* but John's not connected with that any more. Then I make a film with Dick Lester next year. You see, I still go for the director first. That's most important."

Her contract with independent producer Joseph Janni continues until 1968—which means that a lot of her earnings go to Janni. "I can't complain, though," she says. "He gave me my chance in *Billy Liar*. Anyway, the contract has been altered recently, so now I'm getting more."

Tony Crawley

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THE DAY PRINCE CHARLES VISITED THE SET

FROM page 27

hand pictures which would have "made" every newspaper and magazine in the world—and not being able to use them? It was very frustrating!

During the Royal visit, the camera crew invited the Prince to take a look at the camera and one of the men offered him a piece of milk chocolate. Charles looked over to where his mother was talking to the film's producer and whispered to the cameraman: "Thank you—but don't tell Mummy!"

The last time Prince Charles visited a film I was working on was quite recently. He came as the guest of James Robertson Justice who was one of the stars of the picture. Charles had, of course, grown a great deal. Needless to say, everyone on the set took an instant liking to him.

Talking about people growing up reminds me of Juliet Mills. I had first seen Juliet when she was quite small but the next time I met her she was starring, as an adult, in a film I was working on.

I love all the Mills family. They are talented and charming. And Mary Hayley Bell, John's wife, has just as much personality as any of the stars.

John and Mary very kindly invited me to their home for lunch on the day that Juliet was married. I was the only non-member of the family to be invited and, as it turned out, it was just as well I was there. The entire lunch was interrupted by Pressmen telephoning, or banging on the front door, and at least I was able to deal with the enquiries and let them have their meal in peace.

On that special day for the Mills family, Juliet was extremely calm, although Mary was the calmest of them all. John, I think, was very nervous.

Juliet's brother, Jonathan, acted as though his sister frequently got married, and Hayley kept putting pop records on the gram.

Juliet looked beautiful as her father led her into the church. It was a wonderful day for her. And practically every British star was there—which proves how respected and loved the Mills family are in the world of show business.

From an established acting family, I now turn to one of Britain's newest stars: Michael Caine. I worked with Mike on *The Ipcress File* and got to know him very well.

He is, without doubt, one of the sincerest people I've ever met. He is equally at home with dustmen or nobility—and I've seen him with both. I believe that Mike is unique because he has no class consciousness. He is the only real "classless" person that I have ever known.

CAINE and his Mum

One evening, when we were sipping coffee in the sitting-room of Mike's elegant mews house near Marble Arch, he told me a story that I will always remember.

It was so unlike the Mike Caine that I'd known until then. I knew, for example, that there were very few night-clubs in London that had not had the pleasure of entertaining Mike and a current girl-friend. He has, in fact, squired dozens of girls round London. But, for all that, there is one woman who always gets close attention from Mike: his mother.

It was his mother, an office cleaner, who had enough faith in him to grub-stake him with her life savings of £300 when he was a down-and-out actor. And when he eventually got himself into the big money, he didn't forget this.

Mike's mother doesn't have to work any more. He's taken care of that. But he also wanted her to have a slice of the glamour of the film world, so she was the person he chose to take to the premiere of his first film.

"Go out and buy yourself the clothes you like," said Mike. "I'm taking you to my film."

But Mike's new life in the dazzling film world was not for Mrs. Caine. She was shy; her world still revolved round her office cleaning job and her friends in London's East End.

She wouldn't go to the premiere and Mike understood. Instead, he invited one of his numerous girl-friends and that seemed to be that.

But on the day after the premiere, Mike went to his mother's home to have lunch with her (a Sunday custom he will never break unless he is out of the country or working).

"I liked the beautiful green dress your girl-friend was wearing," she said.

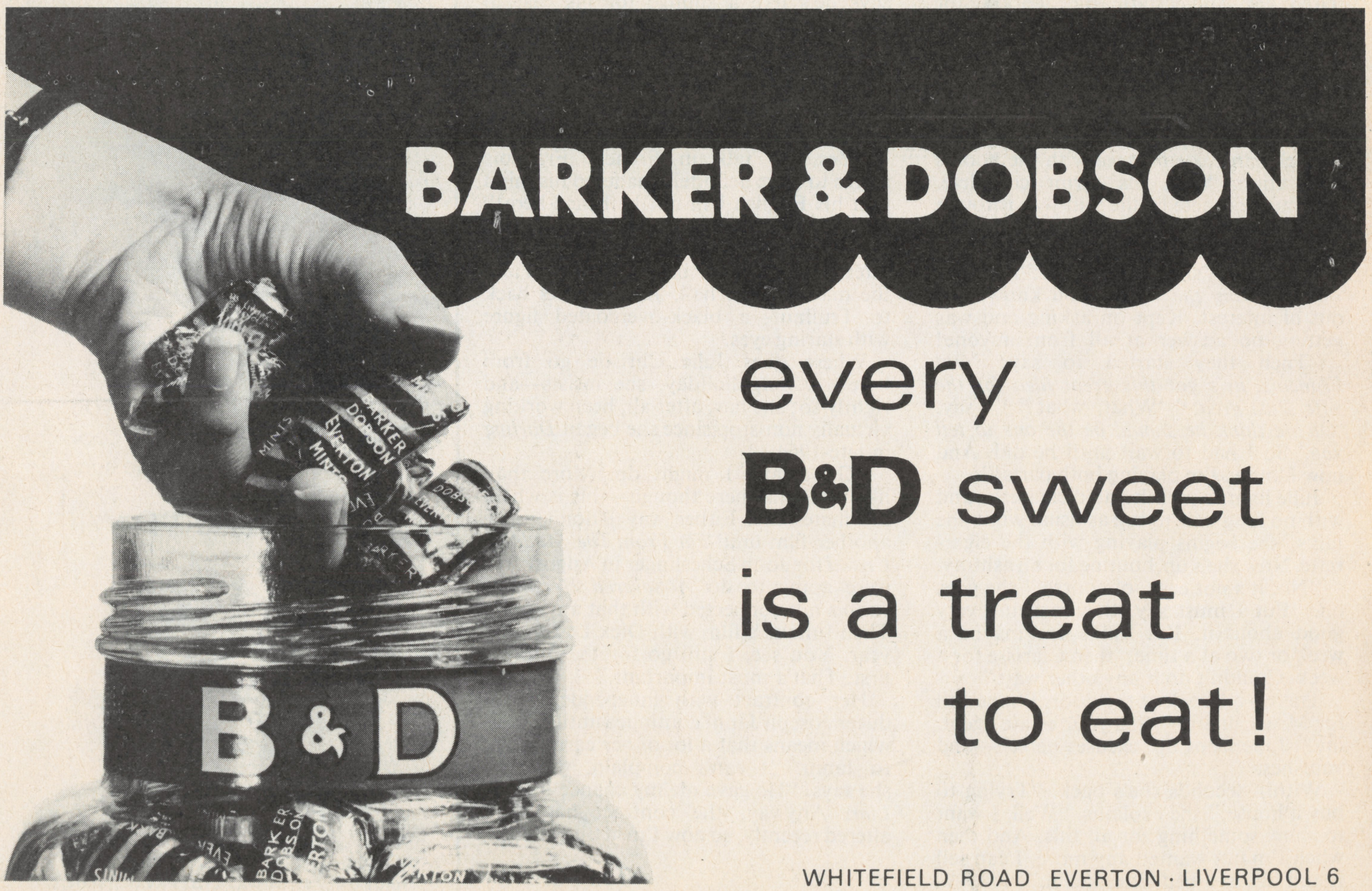
This puzzled Mike because neither the TV or the newspaper coverage of the premiere had been in colour.

"How do you know what colour dress she was wearing?" he asked.

Mrs. Caine realised that she had given away her secret.

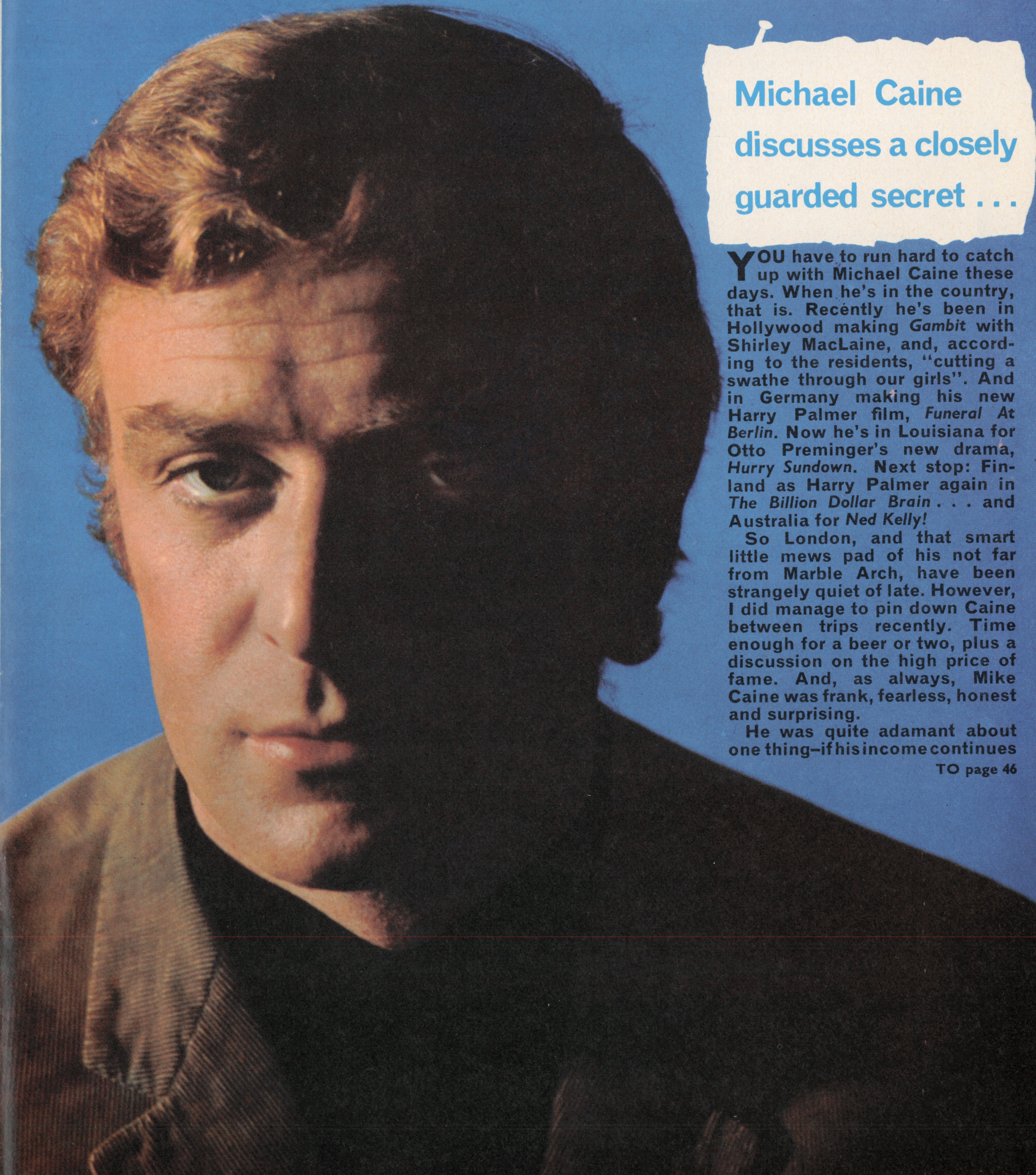
"Because I was there," she said, simply. "I was standing in the crowd. I saw you arrive with your girl, I saw the photographers firing their flash bulbs, I saw the TV cameras on you and I saw you stop and talk with your new, rich friends in the foyer—and I felt so proud that I wanted to tell all the people who were watching that you were my son. But who would have believed me?"

Mike knew that his mother had been happy attending the premiere in her own way. And so long as she was happy, he was happy, too.



WHITEFIELD ROAD EVERTON · LIVERPOOL 6

I MAY LEAVE BRITAIN



Michael Caine discusses a closely guarded secret . . .

YOU have to run hard to catch up with Michael Caine these days. When he's in the country, that is. Recently he's been in Hollywood making *Gambit* with Shirley MacLaine, and, according to the residents, "cutting a swathe through our girls". And in Germany making his new Harry Palmer film, *Funeral At Berlin*. Now he's in Louisiana for Otto Preminger's new drama, *Hurry Sundown*. Next stop: Finland as Harry Palmer again in *The Billion Dollar Brain* . . . and Australia for *Ned Kelly!*

So London, and that smart little mews pad of his not far from Marble Arch, have been strangely quiet of late. However, I did manage to pin down Caine between trips recently. Time enough for a beer or two, plus a discussion on the high price of fame. And, as always, Mike Caine was frank, fearless, honest and surprising.

He was quite adamant about one thing–if his income continues

TO page 46

UNMASKING THE NEW 007

FROM page 14

Not that Cooper, himself, is useless when it comes to the far from gentle art. He knows how to place a punch almost as well as his namesake, Henry Cooper. And he has a scar on his hand to prove it.

This rather odd-shaped scar happens to be the teeth marks of a very famous British film star, whose open mouth was struck on a recent introduction to Cooper's closed fist, when the star had the temerity to bring Cooper's girl-friend home very late after a premiere!

In a way it is Cooper's willingness to throw a punch at whoever feels like catching it, that has put him into the exalted position he is today. He very nearly punched Charlie Feldman in the mouth the first time they met! But then, according to Cooper's side of the story, he thought he had very good reason for so doing.

"I was in the Pickwick Club one night, with two very beautiful young actress-friends," recounted Terry.

"Anyway, there we were, having a good old evening, when along comes this guy wanting to know if I was in movies. It was Feldman. I told him to get lost—unless he wanted a fight."

Cooper smiled broadly. Then: "Well, I thought he was making a pass at my girls!"

Feldman was not to be put off. He fixed up an interview. Result: A seven-year contract graduating in scale from £250 to £1,000 a week!

Cooper smiled at the waitress, then winked and went on. "Why did Charlie sign me? I don't know. He liked me, I guess. Thing is, I was always very rude to him, swearing and all that, so he didn't know what to make of me. But as all the other people who had treated him like that before had great talent, Charlie probably mistook me for being a tremendous actor. Time will tell. Poor old Charlie . . ."

The way he talks, you cannot help wondering if Terry is serious about his acting. "Well, I used to be," he admitted quite readily. "I had failed as an architect and as a painter. Well, I made money, but failed in finding what I was hoping for—absolute truth. You find only a subjective truth, don't you?

"So I tried acting. I spent a year at RADA—in the same class as my old pal, O'Toole—and then worked as a Covent Garden porter while waiting for stage-work. But I thought that for me, acting was the answer. Perhaps it was then.

"But dammitall, after 14 years in this game . . . I just want enough money and girls to keep me happy. [*He's been married twice.*] And I want to put enough money away to buy myself a strip of sand somewhere, with a few palm trees, and a huge yacht. Then I want to get a few of my pals to visit me—and that's that."

That, in fact, is almost exactly the life of Reilly he has been enjoying while in hiding these past two years. For "hiding" he was. On Feldman's "keep under wraps" orders, Cooper spent a fine nine months in Marbella, Spain—not too far from where his parents live in retirement at Malaga. Then he spent some time at a Dalmatian seaside resort in Yugoslavia, before a long residence at the Blue Lagoon Hotel in St. Vincent, Windward Isles.

Which is why Cooper's face has not been seen in papers all this time. He has deliberately been kept as an unknown quantity. Unseen, rather. He can hardly be unknown—not with 15 West End musicals behind him, including *Lock Up Your Daughters* and *Where's Charley?*

Of course, Sean Connery was once in a West End musical. But there all resemblance between the two 007's must end. Cooper is three years younger, and half an inch taller than Connery. While Sean drives himself around town—usually in a Mini—Terry refuses to own a car, and prefers "the bus and an occasional taxi."

The two men have met, by the way. A long time ago when both could not even afford an Ian Fleming paperback.

Connery likes golf. Cooper much prefers boxing or bullfighting—watching or taking part. In fact, should acting ever pall on him, he could well become Ireland's first matador.

He has taken part in a cow-fight. "Don't scoff," he said. "Cows have wider apart horns and a wider range of vision. Bulls rush at the cape because their eyes pick up only the outside edge of a figure. Cows see all of you. I took Jimmy Ellis of *Z Cars* with me, and we joined the townspeople when they let the cows free in the street. One look at them and I ran and ran. Finally, I dived into the harbour, out of their way!"

We lit up cigarettes again and he looked at the waitress again. Someone said she looked Swiss. "I hate the Swiss," said Cooper. "They once put me in jail for thieving cars or something!"

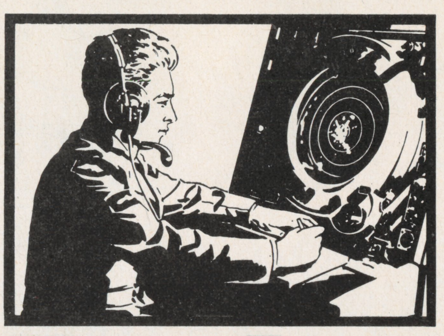
He's been around, this fella. Living life to the full wherever he might be. At Oxford University—taking a leaf out of James Bond's book—he was sent down for "various irregular activities". He studied painting and architecture in London before that, and had a year on the Left Bank in Paris as a struggling artist.

His speciality is murals. "I've painted them everywhere; in clubs, in flats for friends. I hope to continue painting, as soon as I can afford it."

The American publicity man (his dark glasses were blue) said he had to take Cooper to a good gym. Terry had a workout to get through before returning to his luxury flat in Knightsbridge, and another look at the 15th *Casino Royale* script.

"About time I had a look at what I'm supposed to be doing," grinned Cooper. "It's been a long wait. Do you know, when producer Kevin McClory first tried to get Bond on the screen in 1957, he had a contract with guess who's name on it. No, not Sean Connery. Mine, mate. In 1957!

"And now we're about to begin. Seems a pity, really. I mean, it won't be long before people realise I'm not really an actor. Or at least that I'm not the greatest con. man in the game after all!"



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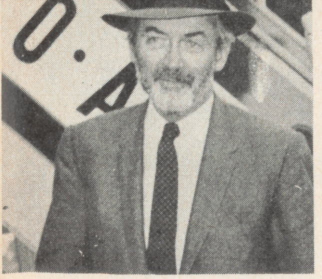

MAN OF THE WEST

FROM page 9

STEWART is a family man, too, of course. He has four children—including 15-year-old twin daughters, Judy and Kelly. His sons from his first marriage are both nearing their twenties now.

STEWART is a globe-trotter—"anywhere to make a film; Africa for safari holidays". On a recent safari he bagged an elephant, an eland and a charging rhino "at three paces".

STEWART is also a businessman—a major stockholder in the Ambassador Oil Corporation of Texas, and often travels on its behalf. "I got into oil by accident," he explains. "But I don't consider myself a businessman at all. My only business is making movies."

And by *making* movies, he means acting in them. For that's what Jimmy Stewart is—an actor. Not a producer. Not a would-be director or writer.

Of the stars who do go in for producing and directing, he drawls: "I know a lot who are good at it, who thrive on it. They like the sort of executive, leadership, hiring and firing type-thing, I guess. They seem to achieve a tremendous amount of satisfaction from having this executive talent.

"Well, if they have it and like it, they should use it. I'm sure they would, even if they'd never entered the movies. Me? I've just never gotten into it because, well, I always seem to keep busy acting.

"I've done what we call packaging—forming a film package deal. Done that with Hitchcock, for instance. Where we've gotten a story we wanna do and Hitch and I get a leading lady and the screenplay, then take it all to a studio and they supply the money. We simply make the picture."

Since he entered films in 1935, Jimmy Stewart has made 70 films, up to *The Flight Of The Phoenix*. He won his Oscar for *The Philadelphia Story* just before the war, and although his career was interrupted by his U.S.A.F. service (he started as an instructor of Flying Fortress pilots and ended up commanding a bomber wing), he was right back there in the Oscar nominations with his first post-war film, *It's A Wonderful Life*.

His range seems limitless—from Hitchcock and Preminger dramas such as *Rear Window* and *Anatomy Of A Murder*, to domestic comedies like *Mr. Hobbs Takes A Vacation*. But it's for his Westerns that Stewart is best known.

His Western image is unique. He has neither the tough superiority of John Wayne, nor the flashing guns of Steve McQueen. With Gary Cooper, however, he brought a great deal of truth and honesty to the Western. His is a real and very human hero, as battered and bruised as his outfits. A normal kind of guy who can be hurt—and often is! Among Western heroes, Jimmy Stewart is Jake Everyman.

"I think you're right when you say we have too many of these psychological Westerns," he continues. "That's another way of saying that along with television, I think we have far too many Westerns. Fortunately at home right now, the TV-Western is beginning to die by the wayside. For a while there, we were just swamped with them. And they weren't done very well.

"Of course, television is not a very good medium for the Western, which is an outdoor, colourful medium, made for the big, the wide, screen. To squeeze all that into that little old box is . . . *just dreadful!* That's why the Westerns filmed for TV—because of the very nature of TV—had to use a lot of the spoken word. And this is completely against the theory of the Western. The cowboy isn't supposed to say anything."

Jimmy's latest Western is *The Rare Breed*—made by the same team responsible for last year's huge success, *Shenandoah*. The director is Andrew M. McLaglen, son of the late Victor McLaglen—and one of the few men in Hollywood to top (by 3½ ins.) Stewart's lanky 6 ft. 3½ ins.

Jimmy keeps his human-hero image in *The Rare Breed*. He's the loner with a heart—and two handy fists. Only his outfit shows any change.

"I keep my Western outfit under careful lock and key," he explains. "I've used it in most of my Westerns. Basically, it's the outfit from *Winchester '73*, some 16 years ago—a nondescript cotton neckerchief, a brindle plaid shirt, crumbled leather vest (or waistcoat), faded khaki trousers and very scuffed leather chaps and boots.

"But I gotta new hat now. My old stetson had been with me for years. Wore it in every Western I ever made until one sad day it, well, completely disintegrated! Wasn't a very good hat to start with, and what with all the battering it took, the perspiration and all, it just came apart. That was a terrible crisis; it had become a sorta good luck charm."

Still going strong (for the moment, anyway) is another very important part of Stewart's Western make-up—his horse. "Wal, he doesn't belong to me. But I've used him in all my Westerns for the last 15 years! He's been in the movies almost as long as I have!

"He's 27 years old, which is a lot of age for a horse. He's getting grey hair around his nose, and has this tendency to fall asleep . . .! Yeah! While we're waiting for a shot, I'll watch him and he'll start wavering a bit, go nodding off, and then pull himself together with a jerk or two!

"He belongs to the daughter of a wrangler who had been working for the movies since the days of William S. Hart, I guess! And this had always been his special horse, so when he retired, he gave it to his daughter. She treats him like a pet dog. He just stays around the house and she rents him just to me and, I think, two other people.

"He's called Pie. The girl says it's short for Sweetie Pie. Which I think is a terrible name for a horse. Terrible, terrible! But he's sure a great horse. He's almost human. He'll do anything and seems to know exactly what is wanted. I'm sure he vets the script."

Westerns come and Westerns go, but I wondered if the real West would ever be shown on the screen.

"All this Western lore of ours is founded on a certain amount of fact," he explains, "but very much exaggerated and distorted, I think. Just before he died, Gary Cooper (a great student of the Western; he was born in the West, was raised on a ranch, and was, in fact, a real cowboy) did a TV documentary about the old West and helped to refute a lot of legends.

"The gun fights, for instance. The gunmen weren't very good shots at all. They were fast all right. But their fights were always at such close range that they could never miss!

"The audiences today think they were daring men, I guess. In fact, they were a pretty desperate crowd. Most of them were not very romantic, but very cowardly, very dirty—and, usually, very drunk!"

Happy making two or three films a year ("if you decide to do a film you'd better do it—or somebody else will, anyway"), Stewart finds no problems in being typecast. He admits he looks for the same kind of character each time. "Pretty much what I look for is a man determined to do something and having a terrible time, getting into all sorts of trouble along the way, but usually ending up what he started to do."

If Stewart is typecast ("I don't think like that") it is probably more due to his acting style than his roles. As people and critics alike say about him and a select few other stars: *He's always playing himself*. But is he?

"I agree with what Spencer Tracy says about this. Only he's much more vehement. Spence says: *Well, whom am I supposed to play?* There is nothing we can do about this. The idea that we're always Jimmy Stewart or Spencer Tracy—this comes from the audience. Not us. So what I try to do is approach a part and play it Jimmy Stewart with reverence to that character. Now this is not complete acting. But it is one way of doing things."

Certainly it is a winning way, as 70 films prove. And, as Jimmy adds, he is quite prepared to make 70 more. "But I guess we'll have to wait and see what the audiences think about that!"

T.C.

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I MAY LEAVE BRITAIN

FROM page 41

to rise the way it has since *Zulu* two years ago, he's ready to quit Britain and move to somewhere like Switzerland where the living is easy . . . and the tax situation is easier still.

"My attitude at the moment is, all right, pay the tax," he said. "But directly it gets to a position where I think I'm being robbed—and that day is not far off the way things are going—then my patriotism will go out of the window.

"Believe me, I've no intention of working my guts out to earn security for myself, and give it all to the Government. It's ridiculous! I mean I'll wind up an old man with nothing to show for years of slogging . . ."

Caine sipped his beer thoughtfully, and then disclosed the secrets of his tax situation. "I have to pay out in thousands," he moaned. "I sit down and write them a cheque for £8,000 or £12,000—and keep £4,000 for myself. Got that? I'm not writing £12,000 and keeping £60,000.

"Listen, the rate of my tax now, I get just 1s. 9d. out of every pound I earn.

"And I just think it's —— disgraceful that any country should be taxed that high. It's not as though I'm earning a million a year. I reckon I earn, say, £60,000. Not that I get it, of course.

"So all right, people earn a lot of money. But people in my position earn it only for so many years. I wouldn't mind if the taxman gave me a rebate for all the years when I had to borrow money to live. I am paying that back now.

"I've had to pay back £3,000—no it's £4,000—so far. Only wish the taxman would give me a bit of leeway on that—and on the last ten years when I earned nothing."

He paused, smiled and added: "Still I can't expect your readers to be really interested in my income tax problems. A man who's earning £20 a week with four children, or a girl with not enough money left over for her stockings and make-up—they're hardly going to worry about me. Can't blame them, either!"

By the same token you can't blame Caine for moaning, either. At 32, he's waited and worked a long time for success. Now that he's won it, he wants, quite naturally, to hold on tight, and enjoy his new, affluent life. Money to Caine has nothing to do with status or importance—"though people respect it, don't they?" Money to Caine is for spending and having a ball—"once the debts are paid and the family is looked after."

Above all, money to Caine is financial security. "And that's what I've always wanted," he went on. "And I'm sure I'm not the only one. Lots of people have wanted to accomplish something, anything—doesn't matter what it is. And to make a lot of money at the same time. I make a lot—even if I don't get it.

"But it's not only what you can do for yourself. I have a family and there's the things you can do for them. It takes a lot of worries off your shoulders. So I'm very happy—without being smug. And very annoyed at the thought of losing so much of what I earn."

Still, with *Alfie* already out, *The Wrong Box* due, five more films in the works, an exclusive contract with 007-man Harry Saltzman and a two-picture deal with 20th Century-Fox, Mike Caine is not exactly broke.

In case the Caine Mutiny against the taxman comes off before our next meeting, I made a tentative appointment to quaff a glass or two of kirsch with him next time—in Switzerland!

T.C.

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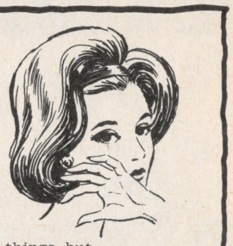

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RAYMONDO And The Stars

ARIES *22nd March to 20th April*

Just a flirtation or the real thing? This month you could find out. But do not be tempted to make changes; think hard before you act and be prepared to listen to advice. Money comes your way, perhaps unexpectedly.

TAURUS *21st April to 21st May*

A swinging month that starts with a bang! Others find you attractive and you could be hearing those three little words. But watch what you say: a tactless word could hurt someone you love.

GEMINI *22nd May to 21st June*

Restlessness is apparent this month, and you will be tempted to alter long-standing arrangements. This is a passing phase and a more settled time ahead is indicated. At home you will need to be more tolerant.

CANCER *22nd June to 23rd July*

Don't be so easily upset. You are inclined to take things to heart. Snap out of it and life will be fun. You will feel well and happy once you have become a little more thick-skinned! Not a lucky time for gamblers.

LEO *24th July to 23rd August*

Socially a good month, but a summer cold could leave you feeling a little weak. This is an excellent time for those in love provided they don't seek perfection in their partner. Don't neglect a personal commitment.

VIRGO *24th August to 23rd September*

You will have reason to be grateful to a friend or neighbour and may be able to repay a favour. Sentimental and serious, you encourage the protective instinct in the opposite sex. Go along with this.

LIBRA *24th September to 23rd October*

An unexpected letter could mean cash coming your way. But put some money by as heavy expenditure is indicated soon. Not a good time for changing your job or moving house. Now you may get the credit for something you did some time ago.

SCORPIO *24th October to 22nd November*

Press ahead with your personal plans. You will be in an ideal frame of mind for settling outstanding problems. Cash should be spent on the home now—but resist the temptation to go on a spending spree. Many will travel.

SAGITTARIUS *23rd November to 22nd December*

Profit by experience. Develop a more positive approach to life. A tendency to be possessive will have to be overcome if a romantic attachment is to blossom. Write those letters and do those chores you have put off.

CAPRICORN *23rd December to 20th January*

Resist the temptation to reverse a recent decision. Events will prove you right. For a change there will be some spare cash in the kitty, so why not treat yourself? A romantic setback could throw you off balance.

AQUARIUS *21st January to 19th February*

Be persuasive. You have some good ideas, but others may not be prepared to listen to them. Don't be put off. New developments in a recently-formed friendship could lead to a more permanent association. A hobby might suddenly become profitable.

PISCES *20th February to 21st March*

Abundant signs that this will be a memorable month for those in love. The only cloud on your horizon is likely to be on the financial front. Your generosity could land you in trouble towards the end of the month if you are not prepared to be more thrifty.

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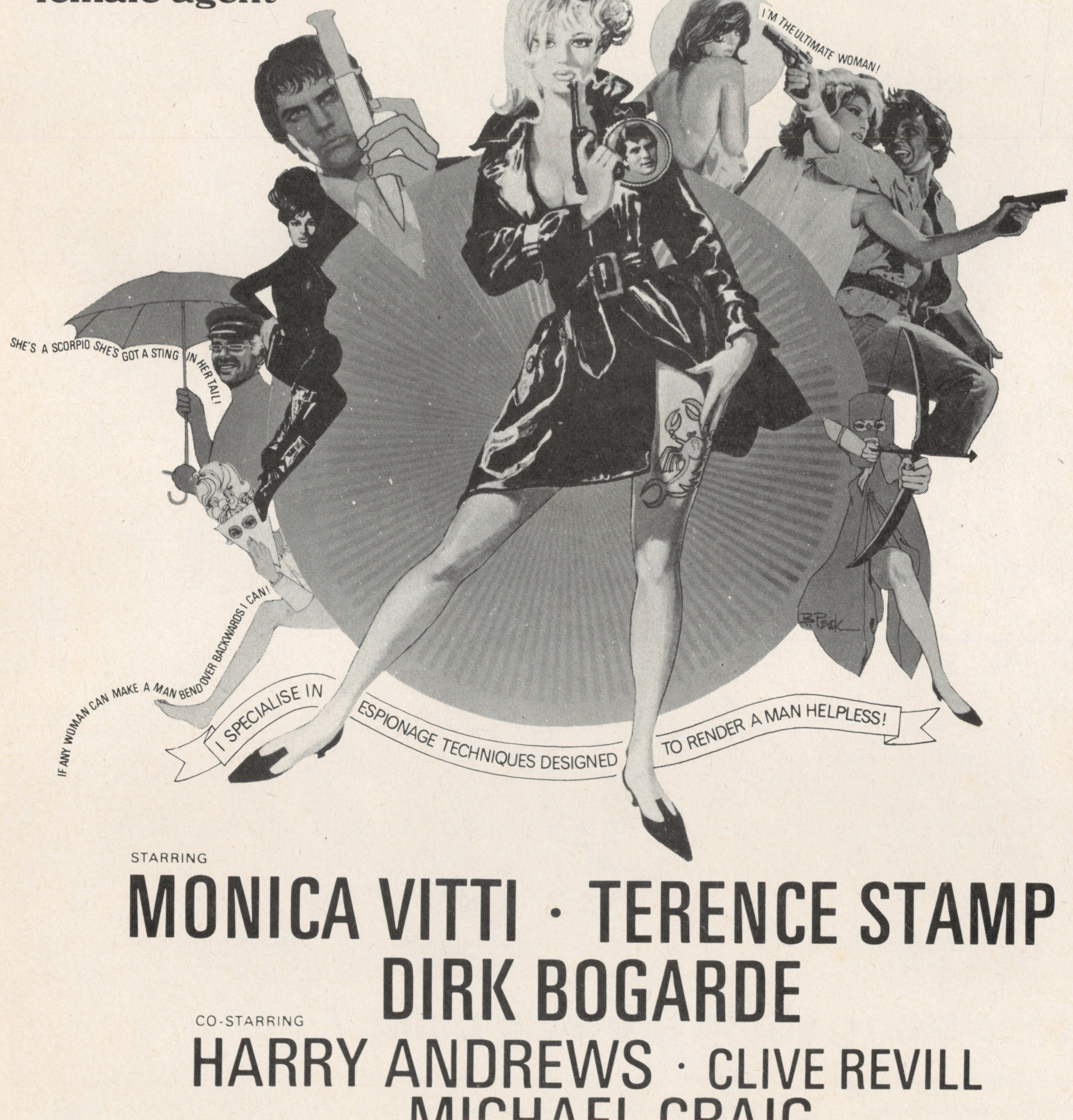
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